THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PRESCIENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

List'ning alone in a lonely place,
At the still mid-hour of night,
While the full moon like a dead man's face,
Glares fixed and cold and white—

And shadows are black, like deep graves cut
To the shape of every tree;
A voice, that through all this battle-year
Has waited, speaks to me.

Not down from the bending blue of Heaven,
Does the wordless message start;
Nor up from the frozen bosom of earth;
But out of my saddened heart.

I know it by every thought of pain,
By all the tears I've wept,
By visions that haunted me when awake,
By dreams when I have slept.

It speaks with the tongue of prophecy,
And with the truth of dread,
Of a far-off, silent battle-field,
And a soldier lying dead. C——.

THE OLD HOUSE AT BROCKLEHURST.

We were together in the parlor—my wife and I. It was not much past nine, but people kept early hours in those days, and supper had long been over; the children were in bed, and the house was quiet. I was leaning back in my easy chair, wearied with my long day's work, and half asleep, when I was roused by my wife's voice, saying, as she laid down her sewing:

"Have you thought or done anything yet, Alfred, about our going to the country?"

Now, to tell the truth, I had thought a great deal, and had done—nothing. I knew Dr. Elwyn had said that little Philip would never grow up a healthy boy in our close London house, and I was as anxious as any father need be about my child, but I knew too, by sad experience, how little a poor drawing-master with seven children has to spare for country trips. All this I said now to the wife, who always bore her full share of my heavy cares; but in her the mother's love conquered all else, and as I looked into her eyes, I saw, though she spoke little, that she would never rest until our boy was breathing the fresh country air he needed.

But the weeks passed away, and her worn face, and the few words she dropped from time to time, told me how constantly and vainly she watched for any chance of this.—They had grown to months, when one evening she met me at the door radiant with gladness, and drawing me into the parlor, put into my hand a letter, exclaiming:

"Only read that, Alf, and tell me if it will not do."

It ran thus:

"Not three miles from here is a large house, Brocklehurst Grange, which having been empty many years, is now to be let at a very low rent. I could hardly advise Mr. Sainsbury to take much trouble about it, for it looks so dreary and comfortless, that you would never like to live there. Still, in case my description does not alarm you, and you wish to hear more, I send the address of the agent in whose hands it is."

My wife hardly waited for me to read to the end.

"My aunt does not know," she said, anxiously. "Think! it is large and cheap; and it must be near a coach-road, and near London, since it is close to Leekford, and that is such a healthy place. Oh, Alfred, dear, we don't care for fine houses, and we could make it cheerful soon, I know, if only you think that it will do."

That was too much to say; but in pity for her imploring face, I promised at least to see the agent. I called at the office the next day, and found him in, and evidently glad to hear of a possible tenant. The house, he said, had belonged to a Mr. Abbott, who had lived and died abroad. The nephew, who had just inherited his property, preferred receiving a rent, however small, to spending money on the place. The agent could not help discoursing a little on the short-sighted economy of this proceeding, since the building was in fair repair, and only needed the outlay of a few hundreds to make it comfortable; but it was, he added, no affair of his, and he had only to obey orders. In conclusion, he pressed me to inspect it for myself. I felt inclined to do so, but as I could not well spare a whole day, there was a difficulty. The agent himself resolved it by proposing that I should go down by an afternoon coach, the time of which he mentioned, and return the following morning. There were, he said, living in charge of the house, two old servants of Mr. Abbott's, with their son, who had been there now for many years.

"I cannot promise you a warm reception," he added, smiling; "at least if they treat you as they did me. They evidently fear to be turned out of their domain, and regarded me so gloomily, that my survey was of the briefest. Still, if you don't mind sour looks, they can, I know, provide you with a bed, and, as the village is only two miles off, with supper also."

It seemed my wisest plan, since I could thus judge of the daily journey I might have to make, and see the house under its morning and its evening aspect; so mindful of my wife's anxiety, I determined to lose no time, and obtained from the agent a letter to the old man in charge. With this letter, I made my way to the coach-office the following afternoon; but when there, found, much to my vexation, that the agent had mistaken the time of the coach's starting, and that we should not be off for two hours. There was nothing for it but to wait patiently; but through this delay, it was nearly six o'clock instead of four when I was set down at a village inn two miles from Brocklehurst. I was just about to inquire my way of some of the boys lounging about the inn door, when it occurred to me that it might be wiser to hire one of them as guide. The short February afternoon was closing in, and I might miss my road alone, and so lose time, and besides, from these country lads I might learn something of the house and neighborhood; so I chose out a bright-faced, active youth, who readily closed with my offer, and started off with me at once along the village street, and down a lane, and then over a stile into the fields, his tongue going incessantly all the while. He could tell little, as it seemed, about the Grange; only that, within his memory, no one had ever lived there but the Pearces, "a queer, crusty set," he said. The son got work sometimes with the farmers near, but the old people rarely left the house, and even when they went abroad, exchanged few words with any they might meet. But if his information on this one point was small, on all others it was most abundant; the names and histories of the neighboring squires, and who preserved and who did not; the land owned by each farmer, and the character he bore among his men; this, and much more, he told me as we trudged onwards.

"There," he said, as we came out of a thick fir plantation, and stood on the edge of a dreary broken bit of common covered with gorse and heath—"do you see the red brick house yonder by the gravel-pit?"

I looked the way his finger pointed, and through the gathering twilight just discerned a long low building.

"I'll tell you what, sir," he said in a low tone, and coming closer to my side, "there's not a lad in all the village would venture round there after nightfall, for there was murder done at that house two years ago."

"Murder!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and the cruelest murder it was too. An old gentleman used to live there—not so very old either, not much past sixty, I've heard say; but however that might be, he lived there quite alone, except for one young servant-woman, who kept his house. A pleasant-spoken lass Ann Forrest was, and many's the kind word she's said to me when she's been to mother's shop. She always seemed to take care of her old master, and no wonder, for he was the best old man that ever lived, and a good master to her; but he had money laid by, and that must have tempted her, for one morning some laborers going past found the front-door open, the house deserted, and the poor old gentleman lying covered with blood, and quite dead at the bottom of the garden. They say he used to go down there to smoke his pipe at night, and she chose that time, when she knew he could lay hold of nothing to defend himself with. An old iron box, in which the old man kept his money, and which only she knew where to find, was lying, turned bottom uppermost and empty, in the passage; and there were clothes and many other things scattered about the floor of her room, and in one of her drawers they found a long knife that she had hidden there. But they never found her; and from that day to this no one has heard of her."

CHASING REBELS THROUGH MIDDLEBOROUGH, VIRGINIA.

THE LADIES WAVING SECESH FLAGS AND THROWING STONES AT THE U. S. CAVALRY.

If the above sketch by the artist of the N. Y. Illustrated News may be trusted, the rebel ladies of Middleborough, Virginia, have not been much oppressed by the Union soldiery. We venture to say that there are not many armies in the world that would allow such liberties even to the fairer portion of creation. What say our foreign revilers?

It was a horrible story to listen to, with the black darkness closing round us, and the lonely house close by. We hastened on in silence across the common, down a dark, steep road, and through some meadows, until, as we passed from the free air into the shadow of a wood, the boy said, in his former cheery tone:

"There, sir, now you can see the old warren through the trees."

A faint, dark outline—that was all I could make out, as my companion unfastened a gate, pointed the way up a neglected drive, and saying that he should run across the fields, and so home by the highroad, bade me good-night. The old gate swung to with a dismal creak, and I was left to grope my way alone. On I went, brushing past shrubs, whose long boughs swept the ground, and stumbling over ruts and stones, until I reached an open space that had once been gravel, but now was overgrown with moss and weeds, and crossing this, stood in front of the old house itself. The walls, as I could see, even by that dim light, were weather-stained and darkened to a dull brown; three sharp gables high above cut into the gray sky and higher still there rose a sort of dome from the centre of the building. The rising moon cast a faint gleam on the latticed oriel windows, and the quaint stone carvings round the entrance-door, and gave a strange weird aspect to the solitary dwelling. The clang of the bell echoed through the stillness within; then silence settled down once more. I waited long, then rang again, and at length there was a sound of steps and voices; at first, far away, then nearer. A key grated in the rusty lock, and the door was partly opened by an old man, whose short, thick-set figure at once filled up the way, as though to prevent a hasty entrance. Behind him stood a woman, somewhat bent by age, and holding in her hand a lantern. Both stared at me in silent wonderment, as, addressing myself to the old man, I told my errand. It was well I was prepared for sullenness, for his furrowed brow darkened, as, still standing in the doorway, he spelled out the agent's letter.

"A strange thing," he muttered. "We might have had some notice, I should think; we want no gentlefolks here." My spirit rose at this insolence, but remembering his age and surly temper, I restrained myself, and said that I had meant to arrive sooner, but need give little trouble, as some bread and cheese and a bed for the night were all I should require. The man stood doubtful, as though half inclined to shut to the door in my face; then his mind changed, and without a word, he took the lantern from his wife's hand, and, signing to me to follow, led the way across a bare and lofty hall, and along two stone passages, to a large kitchen, where a fire was blazing. Setting down the lantern on the table, he turned round and said:

"You'll maybe see that this is the kitchen. If you're too proud to sit here, there are other rooms in plenty, but you'll find no fires or candles;" and without waiting for a reply, he walked away. I turned to the woman, who had followed us, and now stood by the fire, and asked some question carelessly; but she answered me briefly with a hurried glance at her husband; and, weary of attempting to conciliate, I said, abruptly, that as my time was short, I would see the house at once.

"There's very little you'll be able to see at this time of night," old Pearce said, gruffly, from the window where he stood.

"At least," I answered, "I can go through the rooms, and get some notion of their size;" and I made a move.

For a moment, it seemed as though they meant to let me go alone; then Pearce stepped suddenly forward, and harshly calling to his wife to bring the keys, caught up the light. Presently by my unwilling guides, I traversed long passages, our foot steps sounding hollow on the stone floors, mounted staircases, and crossed landings. We stopped from time to time while the woman unlocked the doors of empty and unshuttered rooms, where dust lay thick, and the feeble glimmer of the lantern only served to make the gloom and desolation more apparent. No word was spoken by either of the two, save in answer to my questions, until we reached a large chamber, once a drawing-room, as I could guess by the gilt mouldings and two tall mirrors let into the wall. As I entered and looked round, the old man drew his wife outside the door, and when they had exchanged some whispered words, sent her down stairs, and, coming to my side, began to tell me how, thirty years before, in Mrs. Abbott's days, grand balls were often given in this very room, and how a portrait of her dressed for one of them still hung in the library beyond; and then he led me in to look at the pale faded face in gold and crimson turban, gazing fixedly upon us from the wall. As I turned from it, the woman again joined us, resumed her keys, and the man's sullen humor coming over him once more, we went on in the old silence until we reached the foot of a narrow winding staircase. My conductors had begun to mount it, when I touched a door upon my right, and said: "Surely we have not been in here?" The man, halfway up, stopped and looked down at me. "No," he said; "it is only a lumber-room; the key has been lost this long while: if you wish to get in, you must have a fresh key made before you come again;" and he went on. It was a large rambling house, where you came suddenly upon cupboards and corners, and bits of winding stairs, or a step up here and down there, and passages with such queer turns and twists, that one wondered whither they would lead; still there was something quaint about it that took my fancy greatly. When at last we got back to the kitchen, a man sat by the fire unlacing his boots, and with his back towards the door. He turned as I entered, and displayed a muscular form and heavy face, like enough to old Pearce's to mark him as his son. He returned my greeting with a silent stare, resumed his seat, and pulling at his father's sleeve, muttered angrily: "And who on earth may you be?" I did not catch the answer, but the gruff snort that followed was sufficiently expressive.

The woman set about preparing supper, and presently a repast of bacon, eggs, and beer was put before me; and while I was engaged upon it, she and her husband went away together. The son sat on watching me in silence for a while, then followed them, leaving me alone for the first time since I had come into the house. He and his father soon came back, but a change had come upon them; their sullenness was gone, and they seemed most eager to hear my intentions about the place. It was evident how much they feared that I might take it, and so deprive them of their home; and in this fear, they caught at every doubt of mine, and tried to foster it. From their account, the place was hot in summer, cold in winter; it was even tumbling to pieces; and it almost touched me, when, turning to the son, I said: "And yet you seem to like to live in it," to hear his curt answer: "I've been bred up here, and that makes a deal of difference." When the woman at last returned, I saw that she had been crying very bitterly, and with a half-remorseful feeling, I took a candle from her trembling hand, and followed her upstairs. They had chosen for me one of the old state-bedrooms, on the first floor, and a long way from the kitchen and the hall, at the end of a wide gallery. She paused at the door to say that she hoped I might find all I wanted, but that if not, there was a bell, and giving me no time to answer, hurried off. The room was large and lofty, and must have once been richly furnished, for there were cushions of faded blue silk in the window-seats, and blue silk drapery about the windows: but all its other furniture had disappeared, and it was bare and carpetless like the rest. At one end, a trestle bedstead had just been put up, and near it stood a wash-hand stand and glass, and a couple of rickety chairs. That was all; and very meagre and comfortless it looked; but I could expect nothing else and cared little. I sat long, noting down in my pocket-book all I had observed, and pondering on various things, until the dull tones of the far-off stable clock striking twelve aroused me, and I began to prepare for bed. Before lying down, I went instinctively across the room to secure the door, and found, to my surprise, that I was without the means of doing so, for there was no bolt, and the key was not in the lock. For a moment, I was startled; then I remembered that the keys of all the rooms had been on one large bunch, and no doubt the woman had forgotten to take this one off. Should I ring for it? I paused undecided; but the hour was late, the people must long since have been in bed, and I was strangely unwilling to encounter those surly looks again to-night. After all, it mattered little. Travelling as I did without luggage or money, and in simple, almost shabby dress, I had nothing to lose, and with health and strength in my favor, none would choose lightly to encounter me; and so, without disquietude, I blew out my light, and lay down in bed. Still I was not in darkness, for the moon shown full into the room, only obscured from time to time as a heavy cloud swept across, and passing seemed to leave it more clear and beautiful than ever. I lay long gazing through one of the two large windows on my right, at the soft radiance of its face, the hurrying clouds, and the bright stars that studded the dark sky, and thinking, as husbands and fathers are wont to think, of the wife and children at home—thinking of the little feet that might one day go dancing over these uncarpeted floors, of my wife and myself sitting together in that grand deserted drawing-room, and planning busily how far our homely London furniture could fit it up. Gradually my plans turned into dreamy fancies, my fancies faded, and I slept soundly—for how long, whether for minutes or hours, I cannot tell, but I woke in an instant, and with a sudden start and thrill. All was quiet—a cloud had veiled the moon, and the room was dark and still as death. No, not so still; what was that which, as I held my breath, came faintly on my ear? A rustling—so slight that I could scarcely catch it, yet surely a rustling in the far corner of the room. I was a man of strong nerves. In my youth, I had been in perils both by sea and land, and I had ever kept my courage and composure. I did not lose them now. These men below might, despite the risk, be purposing to rob me: they might even, in their anger and revenge at my mission here, meditate worse things; but if the absence of the key had been no accident, and they were now in my room, they should find harder work than they had looked for. I had no firearms; but a loaded stick, which went with me in all my journeyings, was by my bed's head now. Slowly and cautiously, my hand stole out in the darkness, and grasped it tight. Then I waited. For a while there was perfect silence; then the sound began afresh, and there—there by the door, I could just see a moving form! On it came, then stopped, as though listening, and hearing nothing but my steady breathing, came on again, nearer and nearer, until, as it reached the foot of my bed, I sprang up. My stick was raised, was ready to descend, when the moon shone out again, and my hand dropped to my side, for a woman stood before me—not the old woman I had seen, but one many years younger, clad in dark garments, with pale, haggard face and wild eyes. What was it? a spirit, an escaped madwoman, or some plot to frighten me? As that last thought came into my mind, I summoned breath to ask: "Who, in Heaven's name, are you?"

"Oh, hush, hush!" moaned out a voice feeble and piteous as a crying child's. "Don't speak, don't let them hear!"

"They! Who are *they*, and who are you?"

"I will tell you—I came to tell;" and with sudden vehemence the figure seized my arm in a convulsive grasp. "I'm a poor creature, whom for eighteen months, those wretches have kept imprisoned in this house, away from all who might have given me help. You are the first living soul who has been here; and I vowed to myself, that if I died for it, I would come to pray you to protect me; and oh, dear sir, kind sir, have pity on me!"

As she gasped out those words with passionate earnestness, yet in faint faltering tones, something seemed to tell me that this was no insane delusion, and no concerted scheme.

"My poor woman," I said soothingly, in a whisper low as her own, "I will help you, if I can, but you must show me how. What is your name, and why are you here?"

"They brought me—I had seen them do it—no one else, and they dared not leave me behind to tell; so, when they had murdered him, they brought me here, and shut me into the dreadful room up-stairs. I am Ann Forrest."

The boy's tale, the Pearces' reluctance to let the house be seen, the closed lumber-room—those few words threw light upon it all, and in my horror, I could not speak at first, I could hardly even think. At last I asked how she had freed herself.

"There were three rusty, broken keys—I found them one day under some rubbish in an old chest up there, and I tried them all, and one fitted; but I dared not use it while they were always down stairs, and so I hid it again. They would have killed me long ago, but she—the woman—is kinder than the others, and would never let them, and to-night she talked and cried about your being here, and her husband's anger, little dreaming how I heeded her, for they think me almost silly now. But I did heed; and I thought that you would help me perhaps; and so, when I knew that they must all be in bed, I brought out my key, and it unlocked the door; and then I listened outside every room until I found you by your breathing." She stopped at that last word, and looked at me with a wistful, searching glance. "I found you," she repeated, "and now, oh, sir, you will not forsake me."

"I will not," I answered; but when I paused to think, a sense of our danger rushed

upon me. Alone in this house, more than a mile from any human aid, how could I defend her or myself from men desperate, as these would be, if they only guessed that I knew their terrible secret. I, with a wife and children looking to me, had no right uselessly to peril my life. I must be cautious; and if it came to the worst, then I could but try what one strong arm in a good cause could do against two villains. So I spoke gently to the woman, holding her hand as she stood beside me, and trying to quiet her agony of terror and despair, while I said that I *would* save her, but to do it at this moment would not be possible. "Only wait till morning. Go back now to your prison, and trust to me."

She started and shuddered.

"The key stuck in the lock; it would not come out," she said. "They may find it there, and then they will murder me, as they have threatened."

"Listen!" I whispered. "There is no sign that they have heard us yet. Go back, and try—try with all your strength to loosen the key, and lock yourself in again; then you need fear nothing, for they cannot guess. I will watch; if you need me, cry out, and I will come—if not, wait and hope for the morning that shall bring you safety and release; only go now, before they find us together."

She seemed to understand, and moved towards the door submissively, then stopped:

"You would not deceive me?" she said. The look and tone were so imploring, so inexpressibly mournful, that my heart smote me for letting her go, for remembering anything but her misery. She gazed into my face: "I know you would not," she said in quite another voice, and again turned away, I following her. Her fingers softly turned the handle; she crept into the passage, and I watched the tall dark form flitting along the gallery, her bare feet moving noiselessly upon the boards. I listened breathlessly, but there was neither sound nor movement in the house. The old couple slept at the foot of the back staircase and near the kitchen, the son in a small room close to the hall, never dreaming that the prisoner they had kept securely all those months would find means to force her prison on this very night—only the woman even knowing that she had heard of my presence in the house. If any chance noise awoke those sleepers, if any chance suspicion had turned them into watchers, then it might be a struggle of life and death. No; all was still as yet. The moonlight flooded the room, as, closing the door, I softly crossed to the window-seat, and sat down there to listen and to think. Think—think of what? A horrible crime, a secret prison-house not twenty miles from London, the work that must be done to-morrow: all these things seemed crowded together wildly in my brain. By degrees, I grew calmer. I must release her, but how? Many ways flashed across me, and were cast aside again; so I sat motionless, gazing into the sky, my ear strained for any cry, until the first faint streak of dawn came into the east. No sound had broken the dead silence of the house, and now at last my plan was made, and might be tried. I dressed quietly, then waited for a while, and as the red rim of the rising sun showed through the trees, tramped noisily down stairs. I meant that they should hear and see me, but no one appeared; so, crossing to the kitchen, I looked in. The old man was there cutting up wood; he did not hear my step till I was close upon him, then turned sharply round:

"You rise early," he said in the old surly tone.

With all the blood in my veins curdling in sight of that wicked, murderous face, I forced my lips to speak naturally.

"Why, yes," I said: "I want to see something of the grounds before I breakfast. Can you tell me the best way to take?"

"I know nought about it," he answered; "there's nothing worth seeing anywhere about here."

"Where does the garden lie?" I asked.

The instant I had spoken, I felt that my question, meant to divert suspicion, had been a rash one. He looked up, a new expression in his eyes—was it fear or doubt?

"There is no garden now," he said hastily; "it's a wilderness; and breakfast will be ready directly, if only that old idiot," and he shouted his wife's name, "was here, as she should be."

The precious minutes were slipping fast away, and yet I dared not seem in haste. The old man had returned to his chopping, and the monotonous thud of the hatchet alone sounded through the room. Presently I said carelessly:

"Well, I'm just going for a turn in the wood now, and presently I shall get you to go round with me." I had not done speaking when the old woman's door opened, and I heard her foot beginning slowly to ascend the stairs. Was she going *there?* All might, perchance, be safe; but if that broken key *should* still be in the lock, the secret was betrayed. In desperation, I racked my brains for some device to bring her back: "Stay," I exclaimed to the old man; "isn't that your wife? I want her to get me, if she can, some eggs and vegetables to take to town; I will pay well."

His eyes brightened, and absorbed in that promise, he never saw the agitation of my manner; he stepped to the door.

"Meg," he called, "the gentleman wants ye. Come down, will ye?"

A pause—then she said from above: "I shan't be long."

I breathed hard.

"Come now," he called again; "the gentleman's waiting;" and then the foot came slowly down. A few minutes later, I saw her, with relief no words can tell, go off with a basket on her arm to the hen-house and garden. Now was my time, and there was not a moment to lose. Followed by old Pearce, I crossed the hall. As I stood waiting while he unfastened the door, the lad's words about the son came to my mind. He might be away; if so—if there were but this one man to face, I would battle it out alone, and not leave her for an hour in their hands.

"I don't know," I said, carelessly, "whether your son's at home; if so, would he direct me, by-and-by, to Leekford, and carry my bag and basket?"

"Yes, he can go," was the reply.

That course, then, was hopeless, and I must try the other way. Slowly I sauntered along the wood-path, pausing from time to time to look with seeming interest at the trees and shrubs around me and back at the old house, and still that man stood in the doorway looking after me. At last I turned my head, and he was gone; but while within sight of these windows, I dared not quicken my pace. A few steps more, and I was close to the old gate; I leaned upon it for a minute, then unlatched it, and passed through. All was still and quiet in the early morning light, save a rabbit bounding across the path, and the rooks cawing overhead. I went on a little way, then stopped, and once again looked back. The old house was hidden now, and no human figure was in sight. Another glance, and then away like the wind through fields and woods, and over the common where the low, red house stood in its solitude. On I went, into the fir plantation, through more fields, and then clambering a fence, made for a white house upon the brow of a hill near. That house, my boy-guide had said, belonged to a Mr. Archer; and he had said, too, that he was a magistrate. Little as I had noticed his words at the time, all—the name, the place—had come fresh to my mind in my night-watch, and I was going there to ask his aid. On, on; and now my laboring breath was failing, and my feet seemed fastened to the ground; but still I struggled forward, and at last, thank Heaven for it! I had gained the door. A gentleman was riding from it. I stopped before him, panted out "Mr. Archer," and then everything reeled before me, and I staggered against a pillar. With my dizzy eyes, I saw Mr. Archer—for he it was—turn his horse, and dismount; but he had stood before me for some minutes asking my name and errand before I could entreat a moment's speech alone with him. He looked surprised; then led the way indoors to a small study. In a few hurried words, I told him all; but as I went on, I saw the wonder in his face turning to disbelief, and the kind, thoughtful eyes involuntarily glancing now at my disordered dress, now at my flushed and agitated face. He thought me mad. With a great effort, I composed myself, steadied my voice, and said—

"You think this a wild story, but I swear solemnly that every word is true, and I call on you as a magistrate to give me help."

He was silent for a moment; then replied—

"As a magistrate and as a man, I should be bound to help, if this were so; but pardon me, it *does* seem a wild story; and I should hardly like, without strong proof, to enter a man's house with such a charge."

I laid my hand upon his arm—

"Listen," I said; "I can give you this proof only, that on the truth of what I say hangs my own character. If you go with me, and find it false, *you* have only been deluded by a madman or a rogue; if you refuse to go, after my words, her blood and mine may be upon your head, for I, at any rate, shall instantly return there."

He hesitated, then said—

"You speak strongly; and at least, as you say, my going can do little harm, I am ready."

I stopped him again.

"Not alone. Let some of your servants go with us. Not for my own sake," I added, as a half smile curled his lip; "I only ask one man's aid; but I would not draw you into danger; and they are both strong men, and may have to be secured."

"And if not?" he said.

"If not, you have been deluded," I repeated.

"Very well, so be it," he answered.

Half an hour later, Mr. Archer and myself, with two servants, stood before the door of Brocklehurst Grange. All seemed as undisturbed and quiet as when I had left it, hardly more than an hour ago. Was it as peaceful within? Were they still going about their daily work, expecting my return, while the solitary prisoner up-stairs waited and watched for me in suspense that would be ended now? I rang, but no one came at first in answer to the summons. A terror seized me. Could they have murdered her, and fled, leaving the house deserted? There had surely not been time for that. No; there were steps sounding on the floor, and the rattle of the door-chain as it fell. A moment more, and I should know. The key turned, and the door was opened wide this time by old Pearce alone, quietly regarding us with the old sullen look, and no more. They had guessed nothing yet, and now it mattered little that the three men by my side must show him all.

"You have had a long walk, sir," he said; "and what may this gentleman want?" as Mr. Archer stepped forward.

I looked him full in the face.

"He has come to take Ann Forrest from this house."

At that name, I thought to see him turn pale or spring upon me, but no feature altered—no change came over the dogged face. Then all at once my heart misgave me. Mr. Archer looked embarrassed.

"I would not willingly," he said "intrude upon you, or suspect you of the horrible crime with which this gentleman charges you; but he is so positive, that, if you can, you ought, for your own sake, to clear yourself."

Pearce looked at him unmoved.

"You are Mr. Archer of Holme Green, I think. Why you are here, and what this man means, perhaps you can tell, for I cannot."

"This is what I mean," I said. "Ann Forrest, whose master you murdered two years ago, is now secretly detained in this house, lest she should accuse you as the murderers. She is in the room which you call a lumber-room, and I am going there now."

"You are welcome to go there or anywhere, all of you, though I know no right you have to search this house. It signifies little to me what you do, and this is all of a piece with your conduct this morning;" and turning on his heel, he went back to the kitchen.

My companions exchanged looks, and I saw that the old villain's cunning words had strengthened their suspicions of me. That strange, that horrible composure, what could it mean? With a sick heart, I led the way up stairs to the locked door where I had stood the night before; it was locked now, and above it hung the key. Could I have mistaken the place? No, there was the narrow passage just before me, the winding staircase above me and below. I snatched down the key, unlocked the door, and entered a desolate room half filled with boxes and old furniture; beyond it was another room quite empty, with no sign in either of human habitation. This, then, was what the old man's calmness meant; yet I searched, searched desparingly on every side, in every nook and corner. Mr. Archer looked on silently the while. All in vain! She was gone, and not a trace of her was left. I went into the other rooms; I left no spot unvisited; I groaned aloud in my bitter remorse for having left her to her fate. What had that fate been? That was the thought that lay heavy at my heart, as we went at last to the kitchen. As we were about to enter it, Mr. Archer drew me aside.

"You remember," he said, "your own words when you brought me here. I have been patient; I have given you every chance; now comes your turn. For my sake and your own, as well as the men you have wronged, you must confess openly either to a cruel slander, or—"

"An insane fancy," I said, finishing the sentence. "Not yet. There are gardens and outhouses; I must search them. They may even have carried her off."

"How could they, in broad daylight? You here till an hour ago, and no cart or horse about the place—that at least is impossible. Besides, the man is here."

I said nothing in reply. What could I say? The old man was still alone, and sitting by the fire as we passed through the kitchen to the back-door. He raised his head, and, pointing to a basket on the table, said:

"My wife got those ready before she went to market. I don't ask if you have found anything upstairs, because there was nothing to find; but I hope you are satisfied."

I was silent; but Mr. Archer paused to say a few words before following me out upon my fruitless quest. Everywhere, in lofts and sheds, summer-houses and stables, round the gardens and yards—on all sides I hunted, and hunted in vain. The fowls in the chicken yard, the old dog in his kennel, were the only living beings that met my eyes; and turning to Mr. Archer, I said at last: "I give it up."

"And withdraw your accusations?" he asked.

"It is useless pressing them," I answered bitterly; "but how can I disbelieve my own senses?"

"Even our senses may deceive us," he said quietly.

I knew what he meant very well. His first step, when we returned again to the kitchen, was to go up to old Pearce, and apologize gravely and formally for the disturbance he had caused. His next was to turn to me saying:

"There can be no further reason for my remaining; I will wish you good-morning, hoping that your painful impressions may wear off."

His words came in strangely with the thought in my own mind. Was it, after all, a dream, a delusion of my own, created by the lad's story and the desolate house? Had that midnight visit existed in my own fancy alone? Was Mr. Archer right, and was I going mad. With that horrible idea now first striking me, I stood silent until Mr. Archer again repeated his farewell. Then I roused myself. "Good-bye," I said. "After all, you may be right, and I wrong. Stop!" And my voice in a new tone echoed through the room. I was standing by the window, and close to my right hand was a common kitchen cupboard, and at that very instant I had heard a moan come from it. I never could have heard it had I not been so near; I could hardly hear it now; but I turned, and laid my hand upon the key, and as I did so, the old man with an oath sprang up and rushed upon me. There was a confused struggle, a loud outcry, and he was on the ground, and I was wrenching open the door. It yielded to my strength, and there, on the floor of that narrow closet, bound hand and foot, and gagged, lay the poor woman for whom I had been seeking, powerless to move or cry out, though with help so near, and only able, by her desperate efforts, to utter that one faint moan which had just reached my ears. We lifted her up, and unbound her, but she spoke no word, only her wild eyes roamed incessantly about, and she clung to me with a grasp that seemed as though it never would unloose. I and Mr. Archer led her away, leaving the two men to bring old Pearce afterwards, for he made no resistance, and only glared savagely round upon us all.

It was many hours before Ann Forrest could speak of what had happened to her; but that afternoon, in Mr. Archer's study, her hand still clasping mine, she told her dreadful tale—how in old times she had known the Pearces well, and once had even helped to nurse the woman; how they had asked her carelessly one day about her master's money-box, and she had told them, not thinking any harm, and had never dreamed of any until the cruel deed was done. That evening she had been busy in the house till after nightfall, and then went down the garden to call her master into supper; but as she neared the spot where he was wont to sit, she saw two figures bending over something on the ground, and as she stood to watch, saw, too, that it was her master who lay there, and running forward with a cry in sudden horror, had fallen the next moment, stunned by a blow upon the head. She knew no more until she woke to find herself in the lonely room at Brocklehurst, and learned that they had brought her there, to ward suspicion from themselves; that her life had for the time been spared, because the woman, bearing grateful memory of that old kind nursing, had vowed to tell all if they harmed her, and might have kept her vow; and so for all those terrible months one weak woman alone had stood between her and a frightful death. Of the end of that suspense, of the morning when the old man, coming up alone, had found the key, despite the frantic efforts she had made, still in the lock, and guessing the secret from that and from her terror, had bound and hidden her from her approaching deliverers, and arranging all things in her prison, had sent his wife and son away, and stayed himself on guard—of all this she could not even now speak without convulsive shudders, and we did not press her.

My story is well-nigh told. The father and son suffered for their crimes, the woman was mercifully dealt with. We did not take Brocklehurst Grange, for we could not bear that our innocent children should live in scenes darkened by such deeds; but we did go elsewhere. Years afterwards, there might be seen moving about our house a pale, tall woman, darkly dressed, gentle in manner, and very, very quiet. To her my wife turned for sympathy in every trouble; in her arms the children loved to lie when sick or sorrowful. From her I had the most faithful and devoted service; and she died at last, holding my hand, and thanking me with her eyes, even when her voice was silenced for ever. Her name was Ann Forrest.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEM'R 29, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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THE GERMANTOWN WATER.

While we think that Judge Ludlow was perfectly correct in refusing, in view of the evidence presented, the injunction against Mr. McCallum recently applied for by the Water Company of Germantown, we have not a particle of doubt that the impurities complained of have their principal origin in Mr. McCallum's factory.

The Water Company had a perfectly plain case, but, judging from the decision of Judge Ludlow, they failed to present it. Mr. McCallum had a very difficult case, and judging from the testimony of certain of his witnesses, as we have seen it reported in the daily papers, he made, if we may be pardoned the vulgarism, "a big thing" of it.

We would inform Judge Ludlow, who appears to be earnestly desirous of doing justice, that this impurity in the water of the Germantown Company is no new thing. Being a resident of Germantown, and in the constant habit of using said water, we know of what we affirm. The water, however, has *generally* been good—and if he will examine closely the depositions offered by the Water Company, he will observe the word "*generally*" interlined in several of those documents.

As a general thing heretofore, the Water Company has managed, by catching the impure flow from the carpet mill in one of their small upper dams, and then drawing it off—not allowing it to enter their principal dam at all—to prevent a perceptible adulteration of the water. But even in the best of times, when Mr. McCallum was doing but little work, occasionally a portion of the flow from the mill would find its way into the main dam, and the citizens be led to wonder what was the matter. About a year ago, however, the complaint was loud and long, and ourself and others remonstrated with Mr. Potter, the agent of the company, about the water. Mr. Potter informed us that he had complained to Mr. McCallum. And yet evidence is now brought forward to show that the factory was working day and night last Fall in making blankets *without complaint!* Why, the intensity of the present feeling on the subject, is partly owing to the fact that it is no new thing; if it never had happened before, and probably never would happen again, the citizens might tolerate it for a season.

That a great rain naturally muddies the water of every stream, and renders it in other respects less pure than usual, is a fact of which the people of Germantown are well aware. That the decay of leaves and other vegetable matter in the Fall may also affect, in some degree, the purity of a reservoir, they also will not deny. But because they cannot entirely control these great natural and transient causes of impurity, is not a very good reason why full license should be given to artificial and enduring ones.

It must be further remembered, that a great rain at Germantown, also washes down the more solid portions of the refuse matter from the carpet and blanket factory, which have settled into the bed of the stream, or lodged along its sides, and thus greatly aggravates the natural impurity of the water at such seasons.

As to the supposition that the impurity particularly complained of is the result of the drainage of barnyards, roads, &c., it is simply ridiculous. If there be impurities of this kind, they are comparatively of very little consequence. And while such should doubtless be attended to, we are unable to see the force of the argument, that because A and B are engaged in polluting a stream in a small degree, therefore C has a perfect right to spoil it for household purposes entirely.

Perhaps Judge Ludlow is accustomed to taking rides occasionally along the Wissahiccon. If he is, he will frequently observe the water of that once clear and beautiful stream to be very far from clear and beautiful—the natural color of the water being changed into a kind of dirty blue. Supposing the learned Judge should lament to an owner of one of the Factories along that romantic drive, that the water of such a stream should be so polluted by drugs and dye-stuffs—and should be answered that it was all a mistake, that it was a vulgar prejudice that the Factories had anything to do with it, but that the evil complained of was caused by the drainings of the barn yards, roads, &c, along its banks. If so answered, the Judge perhaps would open his eyes about as widely as the people of Germantown have opened theirs on reading some of the testimony recently presented by Mr. McCallum.

Well, the water is to be analysed, and to this test, fairly made, there can be no denial. If the commission appointed for the purpose will take such water as we have repeatedly seen standing in the company's dams, they will just as surely find the wastage of Mr. McCallum's Factory in it, in the shape of refuse dye-stuffs, soap, grease and wool, as they will find the Factory itself, if they examine, on the banks of one of the streams which flow into the water company's reservoir. And when Judge Ludlow is satisfied of this fact, we trust he will put an immediate ending to a wrong which is a matter of serious inconvenience to the people of Germantown.

AMERICA'S FUTURE.

The army of Austria consists of 738,314 men; of Prussia, 719,092; of Russia, 850 000; of France, 620,000; of Great Britain and Ireland, 581,828; of Denmark, Sweden, Spain, Portugal and Italy, 303 497—making a total of 3,771,760 men. The cost of maintaining, clothing and paying these men, at an average of £40 a man, is over £150,000,000, which, added to £120,000,000, an amount which so many able-bodied men would produce if engaged in useful labor, makes an annual loss to the wealth of the European continent of nearly £300 000,000.

Our people, even in such an eventful time as the present, do not like much the burden of an army of six or seven hundred thousand men. But let them remember that what is exceptional with us, is the common lot of the nations of Europe.

Let them remember farther, that in fighting against disunion, we are fighting against such a state of things as now exists in Europe, and renders their immense armies necessary.

Divide the United States into two or three powerful confederacies—each jealous of the other—and each will soon need its army of half-a-million of men, and the people will groan under a constant load of taxation, to say nothing of the additional weight and ruin of frequent and terrible wars.

If Europe were united in one great Federal Union, all the immense armies of the various kingdoms and empires might be discharged at once. And towards such an Union many liberal and philanthropic Europeans now look as towards a very Ark of Peace—doubtful only that it can be attained until centuries of enlightenment have made the nations wiser.

How foolish then it would be for us to grudge the expenses of the present war, whose success is necessary in order to make such expenses an unusual, and not an annual thing, in the future. And how unwise to repine at a loss of life which is designed to render North America a land of Union and Peace for centuries, and thus cause it to stand out on the pages of history in marked contrast with Divided and constantly contending Europe.

BARBARISM.

Mr. Queensly, the Cambridge *savant*, a great admirer of the Greek poets, has given orders in his will that after his death his *body shall be directed and his skin taken off and tanned* in such a manner as to convert it into a parchment, on which the *Iliad* of Homer shall then be copied, the singular MS. to be then deposited in the British Museum.

If a lifetime study and admiration of the Greek poets is naturally to end in such a silly and barbarous freak as the above, we hope future scholars will devote less time to them. But, in truth, we see not how—except on the principle of contraries—Mr. Queensly could ever have developed such an ugly and inharmonious idea out of the beautiful and refined conceptions of the ancient bards of Hellas. A Greek probably would have explained the puzzle, by saying that a barbarian, however much he might study their great masters, must necessarily remain a barbarian still—that a spider will not become a bee or a butterfly, though you feed him all his life upon honey.

RETIRING ON HIS LAURELS.—William Buckminster, who has edited that excellent paper, the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, for twenty-one years, announces that he has sold the Ploughman to the Hon. Hugh W. Greene, by whom it will hereafter be published. Mr. Buckingham is in his 79th year, and doubtless retires gladly from the constant and wearing labors of the editorial life, to some place where

> Rumors of all rural tricks and cheats,
> Of unsuccessful and successful crops,
> Shall never vex him more.

Lucky man! what editor is there who does not envy him?

> He hates him
> Who, on the rack of the rough press,
> Would stretch him longer.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

A recent article in one of the English periodicals—we judge by Miss Martineau—speaks as follows of the opinions of Mr. Hallam, the celebrated historical writer, on the subject of human progress:—

Some recent events have brought my old friend Mr. Hallam strongly before my mind. When I listened to him as the younger generation delighted to listen to one who knew so much, and who took such a care to preserve a dispassionate habit of mind, he told me that he could admit nothing that was grounded on any assumption that the human race, or its work of human society, was progressive. He believed it probable that there were periods of progress, now and then, here and there; but it seemed plain to him that affairs recurred to their old position, and that there were men as wise and as good in the most ancient as in the most modern times. Whether *en masse*, or in regard to the best specimens of each age, it was to him very doubtful whether we got on; and indeed he considered that the evidence tended to another conclusion. I was a good deal surprised at the moment at a doctrine which I, for one, had not been in the way of hearing: and I do not, at the end of thirty years, agree in it: but I am occasionally reminded of my old friend's exposition of his view; and the incidents of the time seem to awaken his voice again, and to set his remarkable countenance before me, with that peculiar expression which it wore when evidence reached him in confirmation of views to which he stood pledged.

AN AMUSING BLUNDER.—The *London Museum* makes *rather* an amusing blunder relative to the nativity of Daniel Webster, evidently confounding him with his great rival John C. Calhoun. It says:—

"We have been told that the highest culture of the New World is to be found where alone that leisure essential to culture existed, among the planters of the South; but it is a remarkable fact that, *while the literature of the North has been hitherto inferior to that of any European state(!)* the South has produced no literature at all. It is true that Edgar Allen Poe was a Virginian, but all the other poets whom we shall have occasion to mention, by birth, and he himself by adoption, with all the great prose writers of America, belong to the northern states. To the names of Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Irving and Emerson, *the Carolinas can only oppose the genius of their one great orator, Daniel Webster!*"

LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.

The following poem by Professor Longfellow appears in the December number of the Atlantic. It is the first published by him since the sad accident which brought such mourning to his house:—

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on shore.

Then far away to the South uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the main-mast-head.
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

☞ Mr. Verigreen attended a fashionable entertainment, and was requested by a friend to notice the white kids. Mr. Verigreen's mind was upon the farm at home, and as he looked around upon the moustached faces that surrounded him, wonderingly, his friend asked him if he saw them. "No," said he, "I don't see any kids, but there's a wonderful lot of goats all around here, I should judge."

☞ The French Government issues one hundred and fifty-five thousand shooting licences every year. There are four hundred and forty-five thousand persons (poachers) who shoot without leave or license; the shooting licenses give the Government a revenue of four hundred and seventy thousand dollars a year; it is reckoned that the game annually destroyed is worth about six million dollars.

☞ The papers are chronicling second crops of raspberries, strawberries and peas. These rare growths attest the length and mildness of the season.

☞ Artemus Ward, in speaking of the newspapers in his village, says "that the advertisements are well written, and the marriages and deaths are conducted with signal ability."

THE MAN WITH THE UMBRELLA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Amongst the many grave thoughts and sad reflections that must haunt every mind in this trying crisis of our country's history, there are the broadest gleams of mirth, the brightest streaks of humor lighting up the darkest pictures. It is well to grasp these, to keep up the healthy balance of the mind by weighing them against the depressing influences now surrounding us. Strolling through the ward of one of our military hospitals, a man attracted my attention by the genial glow in his eye, and the peaceful expression of his lip, among the pale contracted faces around him. I stopped involuntarily.

"You are wounded?" I said, seeing the large box that enclosed his leg.

"Yes, sir, pretty well cut up. Lost one arm, you see," and he pointed to the bandaged stump, "but the doctors think they can save my leg."

"What do you do lying here all day?" I asked. "Have you plenty to read?"

"Well, yes, sir, there's a plenty of books; but you see I was hurt in the head, and the doctors don't like me to look steadily at any thing long."

"But," I cried, astonished, "how did you contrive to get hit in so many places at once?"

"Well, it was not exactly all at once. You see, we were ordered to kneel and fire, and a shot took me in this knee that was up. It hurt some, but I eased it down till I was on both marrow bones as neat as a parson, and I peppered away at 'em as if it was as handy as saying one's prayers. I won't say, sir," and his face grew earnest, "that I didn't whisper a 'God care for me,' as I knelt in the same way I knelt long ago at my mother's side. Well," and his face lighted again, "I was hard at work, when a crashing ball took my arm off here above the elbow; I thought I was out of work for that day, but one of the boys lay beside me with his leg off, and he offered to load and hold the musket up if I'd aim and pull trigger.* So I pegged away at the rebels till a rascally fellow cut me in the head, then I went down; but I held out as long as I could, like the man with the umbrella."

His eyes danced at the last sentence in a very tempting way to a lover of a good story.

"What man with the umbrella?" I asked.

"Well, it was when we first went out, sir, down on the Baltimore picnic, as they call it now, though there was little thought of picnics or any other pleasure when we started from home. It ain't exactly fair to make fun of a fellow, and then call his name, so I'll just say his was Smith—it's a good sort of a name, and has served men before when they wished to hide their right one. Smith had a dainty way with him that was all his own. He handled his musket as if it was made of spun glass, and he was afraid of breaking it, and he ground arms as if the cobble stones were tender feet with violently inflamed corns. However, we got along with him pretty well till starting time. Then Smith was discovered to have a long slim bundle done up in newspaper. In vain the corporal took notice of it, and ordered it thrown away every time he passed. Smith concealed it, and we were off. Some of the men noticed that Smith walked rather peculiarly, but many of the men were too full of bad liquor, and this stiffness in Smith's gait passed unnoticed. It was not till we reached the cars that it was discovered that Smith could not sit down. A favorable moment occurring (it was quite dusk,) I saw him draw forth from the leg of his trowsers the long slim bundle, and tie it fast to his musket.

"Soon after our arrival in Baltimore, we were ordered out for dress parade, and knew we were to march through the streets to awe the natives by a sight of our military grandeur. Smith was radiant. He had a white shirt with a bosom and a dickey, his hair smelt of pomade, and his face of scented soap. His white gloves were of fine kid, and his boots of patent leather. The day was cloudy, and just as we drew up in line, a fine drizzling rain began to fall. Suddenly in the centre of the line, a fine, silk umbrella went up, over Smith's head.

"'Put down that umbrella?' growled the corporal.

"No answer from Smith.

"'Down with that umbrella,' cried the orderly sergeant.

"No answer still.

"'Who the deuce is *that*,' cried the captain, 'down with that umbrella.'

"'Excuse me, captain,' said Smith, 'but it will ruin my clothes to get them wet."

"'Put down that umbrella,' thundered the major.

"'But, captain,' said Smith, 'these ain't Government clothes, they are a suit I bought myself, of the finest cloth. I can't wet them.'

"By this time we were all in a perfect roar of laughter. Peal after peal of perfect shouts were heard all along the line, and the colonel rode up. In a minute he saw the fun.

"'Put down that umbrella!' he shouted.

"'I won't,' said Smith, getting desperate.

"'What! open insubordination,' cried the colonel, biting his lip to keep from a roar. 'Corporal, put that man in the guard house.

"Sir, they walked him off, umbrella and all, and the next day he was called up before his whole company. Captain G. threatened him pretty hard, but he vowed he would *not* walk out in a rain in good clothes without an umbrella, and finally he was broken and sent home, because he defied all rules and regulations for the sake of his cherished umbrella. I guess it was as well. I'm afraid some of the life we've led since would have gone hard with him."

"You have seen hard service?" I asked.

"Pretty fair, sir. We were in Richmond since Fair Oaks, and they treated us rough there."

Rough! My blood chilled at the stories he told me with his well opened blue eyes looking frankly into mine, and his handsome mouth smiling in all his pain.

"Are you sorry you 'listed?" I asked after the pause that follows an interesting recital.

"Sorry!" The blue eyes fairly blazed. "I went for this," and he struck his stump, "and if my country wants the wreck that is left, I'll go again. While God spares my reason, all that is left is for the good cause."

* The whole sketch is true in incident, but this is a fact proved by witnesses.

RATIONALE OF FORMS OF SALUTATION.

Most modern forms of salutation and civility are derived from the chivalry, or at least from war, and they all betoken some deference, as from a conquered person to the conqueror; just as in private life we still continue to sign ourselves the very humble servants of our correspondents. The uncovered head was simply the head unarmed; the helmet being removed the party was at mercy. So the hand ungloved was the hand ungauntleted; and to this day it is an incivility to shake hands with gloves on. Shaking hands itself was but a token of truce, in which the party held each other's weapon hand, to make sure against treachery. So also a gentleman's bow is but an offer of the neck to the stroke of the adversary; so the lady's courtesy is but the form of going on her knees for mercy. The general principle is marked, as it ought naturally to be, still more strongly in the case of military salutes. Why is a discharge of guns a salute? Because it leaves a gun empty, and at the mercy of the opponent. And this is so true that the saluting with blank cartridge is a modern invention. Formerly, salutes were fired by discharging the cannon balls, and there have been instances in which the compliment has been nearly fatal to the visitor whom it meant to honor. When the officer salutes, he points the drawn sword to the ground; and the salute of the troop is, even at this day, called "presenting arms"—that is, presenting them to be taken.

"OLD STARS."

[The late Gen. Mitchell was often called by his soldiers "Old Stars," in reference to his astronomical studies.]

His mighty life was burned away
By Carolina's fiery sun;
The pestilence that walks by day
Smote him before his course seemed run.

The Constellations of the sky,
The Pleiades, the Southern Cross,
Looked sadly down to see him die,
To see a nation weep his loss.

"Send him to us," the stars might cry—
"You do not feel his worth below;
Your petty great men do not try
The measure of his mind to know.

"Send him to us. This is his place,
Not 'mid your puny jealousies;
You sacrificed him in your race
Of envies, strifes and policies.

"His eye could pierce our vast expanse,
His ear could hear our morning songs,
His mind, amid our mystic dance,
Could follow all our myriad throngs.

"Send him to us! no martyr's soul,
No hero slain in righteous wars,
No raptured saint could o'er control
A holier welcome from the stars."

Take him, ye stars! take him on high
To your vast realms of boundless space.
But once he turned from you to try
His name on martial scrolls to trace.

That once was when his country's call
Said danger to her flag was nigh,
And then her banner's stars dimmed all

The radiant lights which gemmed the sky.
Take him, loved orbs! His country's life,
Freedom for all—for these he wars;
For these he welcomed bloody strife,
And followed in the wake of Mars.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

AN ADROIT FRAUD ON THE GOVERNMENT.—Several enterprising fellows, in Connecticut, have gone into the collection and restoration of old postage stamps on a large scale. One of their modes of procedure is to visit unsuspecting clergymen in needy circumstances and state that as a matter of curiosity they desire to procure a million postage stamps, for which they will give two hundred dollars. The minister thinking it worth while to make an effort for the two hundred dollars in these hard times, opens his files of letters and carefully cuts off the stamps—sets the Sabbath-school children at work in all the country around, and eventually earns his money. In once instance the girls in a boarding-school were set at work collecting stamps, with the understanding that the money obtained for them should be devoted to a certain object of benevolence, and they were very industrious in hunting and begging old stamps all over the country among their acquaintances.

PARDONED.—The President has given Brig.-Gen. Edwin R. Price, son of Major-General Sterling Price, both of the rebel army, a free and full pardon of all treasonable, felonious, and other crimes and misdemeanors whatever against the United States, committed up to the 18th of Nov. Gen. Price was taken prisoner some time since, paroled by Gen. Halleck, and afterward exchanged for Gen. Prentiss. Subsequently he resigned his commission in the rebel army, and his friends appealed for his pardon. While on his parole and residing in Chariton County, Mo., he is said to have exerted himself to maintain peace and order by driving off the guerillas, and it is thought by some of the Union men of Missouri that his pardon will have a beneficial effect in Missouri.

SILVER BRICKS.—It is proposed in Virginia City, Nevada, to ship immediately to the East, for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund, the sum of $20,000, and in the novel currency of silver bricks. The Territorial Enterprise says:—"The shipment will be made in solid silver bricks, stamped with an appropriate inscription, and will prove the biggest advertisement for Nevada Territory that ingenious brains have yet conceived. These silver bricks will be curiously examined and commented on by many a man in New York who would forget, in fifteen minutes after he heard it, the fact that $20,000 in gold coin or Treasury notes had been sent from the unknown land of Nevada."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

EDMUND KIRKE,

Author of "AMONG THE PINES."

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	25.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE? To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis when requested.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

NEWS ITEMS.

REV. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, well known as an independent minister, a popular lecturer, and contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, has been offered by General Saxton, Military Governor of South Carolina, the colonelcy of the 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, (colored.) Mr. Higginson is now a captain in the 55th Massachusetts, saw service in Kansas, and has long been a student of military tactics.

THE two officers of General McClellan's staff who had been recently arrested and sent to Washington, Lieutenant-Colonel Colburn and Captain Duane, have been released from an arrest, which appears to have been merely technical, and are ordered to report for duty; the latter to General Brannan, in South Carolina, and the former, Colonel Colburn, takes charge of an important bureau in the Adjutant-General's office.

THE young Hebrew, Mortara, who, at one time made such a noise in the world, is, according to accounts from Rome, quite Christianized. He has had conferred upon him the minor ecclesiastical orders.

THE *London Times* states that there is only the very slightest foundation for the report of Miss Nightingale's restoration to health.—"She is able to remove from one place of residence to another—a very few miles—once a year, but she is scarcely able to leave her bed in the interval, and quite unable to struggle with the flood of correspondence and applications of all kinds which the report of her partial recovery has brought upon her."

THE body of our army of the southwest is still at Lagrange. The move to Holly Springs had been made by a force of cavalry, who had returned.

THE rebels, 15,000 strong, advanced to Cave Hill, Southwest Missouri, to give battle to Gen. Blunt, there, not long since. Gen. Blunt marched out to meet them, when they retired.

GEN. Rosecrans has ordered the release of 3,000 bales of cotton, seized for breastworks during the late troubles at Nashville.

IT is becoming quite common now in New York to append to marriage notices in the papers "No cards sent;" thus obviating the misunderstanding and offence which would necessarily arise among friends and acquaintances from a want of knowledge of the fact, and escaping the responsibility of the omissions and discriminations always incident to the custom.

THE official vote of the state of New York, which has just been published, discloses the curious fact that Mr. Wadsworth, the Republican candidate for Governor, would have been elected by a majority of over 30,000 votes, but for the area of fifteen square miles around New York city. This circuit not only overcame his majority, but gave Seymour the Democratic candidate, over 10,000 majority.

IN Jamaica, the Legislature was summoned to meet on November 4th. Among the first measures to be introduced, says the Morning Journal, "it is expected there will be one to provide for the introduction and location in our island of a portion of the forty thousand blacks and colored people in America, who are seeking a new home, where they may enjoy civil and religious liberty."

SOLDIERS' VOTE.—The vote of the Wisconsin regiments so far received, is Republican 6,219—Democrat 2 000. The Republican majority in the Iowa regiments is about 10,000.

COFFEE IN ILLINOIS.—It is said that G. R. Hollman, of Effingham county, Illinois, raised last year two bushels of coffee. The seed was sent him from Australia. The first year the plants were unproductive; the second year they bore a little, and produced a full crop the third year. He thinks 30 bushels can be grown per acre.

☞ The Charleston rebels, a few days ago, baptized what they call "the Ladies' Gunboat." They baptized it by sprinkling, but the Federal fleet, when they encounter it, probably will baptize it by immersion.

☞ In the Masonic Lodge, at Alexandria, is preserved the knife that the mother of Washington presented to him to induce him to abandon his design of entering the British navy.

AN OCTOROON SETTLEMENT.—About three miles to the eastward of Fauquier Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, along a range of hills of considerable fertility, there is a large settlement of octoroons, well-to-do in this world and an industrious people. Its origin was in this wise:—A number of poor whites, after much scuffling, managed to acquire a few acres each of the hilly region in question, and took to themselves mulatto women for wives. The present generation, some three removes down, are so white that it is difficult to detect any trace of African blood in their veins. About the time of Pope's occupation of that country, one of these settlers got into our lines and was arrested as a spy, and he had hard work to prove the contrary. The whole settlement is for the Union. I have this account from one of our quartermasters, who visited these people and bought largely from them.—*Cor. N. Y. Post.*

ELECTIONS YET TO BE HELD.—The states which have yet to elect their Representatives to the next Congress, and the dates at which they usually hold their elections, are as follows:—

New Hampshire, on the 2d Tuesday in March, 1863.
Rhode Island, 1st Wednesday in April, 1863.
Connecticut, 1st Monday in April, 1863.
Maryland, 1st Wednesday in November, 1863.
Kentucky, 1st Monday in August, 1863.
California, 1st Thursday in September, 1863.
Virginia, 4th Thursday in May, 1863.
North Carolina, (time not yet specified.)
Tennessee, (time not yet specified.)

WHERE THE FASHIONS COME FROM.—The Home Journal says:—

The latest fashion among the *lorettes* of Paris is the long train dress worn without hoops! A *lorette* is an unlicensed licentious woman in the French capital—a woman whose originality of style of costume has all the audacity of genius, and hence is universally copied throughout the fashionable world. It was a *lorette* who brought crinoline into use this time, and it would not be at all singular if a *lorette* should be the means of expelling from fashion's realm the expansive skirt her darling spirit so successfully introduced. Time will show.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—The President's Message is nearly finished. Mr. Lincoln will argue his Emancipation policy at length in it, not only in regard to the Military Proclamation of Emancipation in the disloyal states, but in relation to his gradual Emancipation policy in the border slave states. It is said that the Message will be unusually long, and that it will be furnished to the afternoon papers of the country on Monday, the 1st day of December. The President adheres firmly to his Emancipation sentiments.—*Washington Correspondent.*

☞ Thousands on thousands of the bereaved are now daily uttering the sentiment of these lines from the Independent:—

And this is war, alas! and this is death;
And thus my darling lieth in his shroud,
And no soft blessings with his parting breath,
And no sweet soothings when his spirit bowed.
Where was the breast to hold his sinking head?
Where was the voice to cheer his faltering heart?
Where the fond watcher by my hero's bed?
The hand to soften the unpitying dart?
God! who hath looked upon a nation's woe,
A nation's blood outpouring like the sea—
Take to Thy heaven our heroes as they go,
Bear their tried souls to rest and peace with Thee.
C. A. S. B.

☞ A young lady going into the barrack-room at Fort George, saw an officer toasting a slice of bread on the point of his sword, upon which she exclaimed:—"I think, sir, you have got the staff of life on the point of death."

☞ If you wouldn't have affliction make you a second visit, listen to its teachings at the first.

"SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF."

Strength is promised—strength is given,
Where the heart by God is riven;
But *foredate* the day of woe,
And *alone* thou bear'st the blow.

One *thing only* claims thy care;
Seek that first by faith and prayer;
And whate'er thou need'st below,
He thou trustest will bestow.

☞ Parents must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only *government*, firm and mild, but *sympathy*, warm and tender. So long as parents are their best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

☞ Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of it, but is good-natured enough if you meet it like a man.

☞ Dr. Holmes playfully limits the necessities of life in these war times to "bread and the newspaper."

☞ The last words of General Mitchell's will, dictated a few hours before his departure, mingle the spirit of a devoted Christian with the fondness of a parent, for he admonishes his children thus:—"*Serve God sincerely and each other fondly, are the last words of your dying father.*"

☞ A man comes to church and falls fast asleep, as though he had been brought in for a corpse, and the preacher were preaching at his funeral.

☞ PROBABLY A "GOKE."—Some of the shinplasters circulated in Western New York are made payable at Utica next July, in strawberries, *if the crop does not fail.*

☞ It is proof of the high estimation which the world, after all, places upon intellect, that every mother would rather know her boy was clever than comely. They fall back on the comely when the clever is out of the question.

☞ Mark what you wish to remember upon your finger-nails; they make convenient horn-books, and you will have your lesson at your fingers' ends.

☞ "How often do you knead bread?" asked one housekeeper of another. "How often? Why, I might say we need it continually," the other replied.

ST. BERNARD'S ADVICE.

Men's books with heaps of chaff are stored,
God's Book doth golden grains afford;
Then leave the chaff, and spend thy pains
In gathering up the golden grains.

☞ WET THE POWDER.—Two Irishmen in a recent engagement were gallantly standing by their gun, firing in quick succession, when one touching the piece, noticed that it was very hot.

"Arrah! Mike, the cannon is gettin' hot; we'd betther stop firin' a little."

"Divil a bit," replied Mike; "jist dip the cartridges in the river afore yees load, an' kape it cool."

☞ He that is perfectly wise is perfectly happy: nay, the very beginning of wisdom makes life easy to us. Neither is it enough to know this, unless we print it in our minds by daily meditation, and so bring a good will to a good habit.

☞ There are in the Scriptures certain names common to divers Kings, succeeding each other in the same kingdom. Pharaoh was the common names of the Kings of Egypt: Abimelech of the Philistines; Agag of the Amalekites; Benhadad of the Syrians; Artaxerxes of the Persians, as Cæsar was of the Roman Emperors.

☞ It is easier to die the death of a martyr than to live the life of a saint.

☞ Every day is a little life, and our whole life is a day repeated.

ANGELS.

In this dim world of clouding cares
We rarely know, till 'wildered eyes
See white wings lose'ning up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.

—*Gerald Massey.*

☞ An advertising chandler at Liverpool modestly says, that "without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."

☞ THE REBEL GENERAL JACKSON NO POET.—Dudley Davenport, a lieutenant in the United States service, says the poem—"My Wife and Child," which is ascribed to the rebel General Jackson, was written by Henry R. Jackson, a resident of Savannah, Mr. Davenport's brother-in-law.

☞ Any lawful employment is better than idleness, for Satan tempts the occupied man—but the unoccupied man tempts Satan.

☞ By affliction God separates the sin which he hates from the soul which he loves; therefore, sanctified afflictions are numbered among the Christian's mercies.

☞ WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—A legal *stone* is fourteen pounds; in England it is an eighth of a hundred; in Holland it is sixteen pounds. A *hand*, horse measure, is four inches. An Irish mile is twenty-two hundred and forty yards; a Scotch mile is nineteen hundred and eighty-four yards; a German mile is eighteen hundred and six yards; and a Turkish mile eighteen hundred and twenty-six yards.

☞ During the war of 1812 gold was sold at a premium of 35 per cent., so that the sales are now up to the mark of the olden times But they stood it, and we can.

☞ The Sharpe's Rifle Company, of Hartford, is making monthly dividends of twelve per cent.

☞ A witty dentist having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with the felicitous apology: "The fact is, madam, it seems impossible for anything bad to come out of your mouth."

☞ Hair-powder seems to be coming into vogue at the French court, as many ladies wore it at the last ball at Biarritz.

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

The Reply of the Mayor of Fredericksburg.

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Falmouth, Va., Saturday Nov. 21, noon.—The following is the reply of the Mayor of Fredericksburg to the demands of Gen. Burnside:

Mayor's Office, Fredericksburg, Nov 21, 1862.—To Brevet Major-General E. V. Sumner, Commanding United States Army,—Sir:—I have received at twenty minutes before five o'clock this afternoon your communication of this date. In it you state that, under cover of the houses of this town shots have been fired upon the troops of your command; that our mills and manufactories are furnishing provisions and the material for clothing for armed troops in rebellion against the government of the United States; that our railroads and other means of transportation are removing supplies to the depots of such troops; that this condition of things must terminate; that, by command of Gen. Burnside, you demand the surrender of this town into your hands, as the representative of the government of the United States, at or before five o'clock this afternoon; and that, failing in an affirmative reply to this demand by the time indicated, sixteen hours will be permitted to elapse for the removal of the women and children, the sick and aged; which period having elapsed, you will proceed to shell the town.

In reply, I have to say that this communication did not reach me in time to convene the Council for its consideration, and furnish a reply by the hour indicated, (5 o'clock P. M.) It was sent to me through the hands of the commanding officer of the army of the Confederate States, near this town, to whom it was first delivered by consent of General Patrick, who brought it from you, as I am informed; and I am authorized by the commander of the confederate army to say that there was no delay in passing it through his hands to me.

In regard to the matters complained of by you, the firing of shots upon your troops, occurred upon the northern suburbs of the town, and was the act of the military officers commanding the confederate forces near here, for which matter neither the citizens nor civil authorities of this town are responsible.

In regard to the other matters of complaint, I am authorized by the latter officer to say that the condition of things therein complained of shall no longer exist—that your troops shall not be fired on from this town—that the mills and manufactories here will not furnish any further supplies, provisions or material for clothing for the confederate troops, nor will the railroads or other means of transportation here convey supplies from the town to the depots of said troops outside of the town.

The civil authorities have no control, but I am assured by the military authorities of the confederate army near here, that nothing will be done by them to infringe upon the conditions herein named, as to matters within the town. But the latter authorities inform us that while their troops will not occupy the town, they will not permit yours to do so.

You must be aware that there will not be more than three or four hours of daylight within the sixteen hours given by you for the removal of the sick and wounded, the women and children, and the aged and infirm from this place; and I have to inform you, that, while there is no railroad transportation accessible to the town, because of the interruption thereof by your batteries, all other means of transportation within the town are so limited as to render the removal of the classes of persons spoken of within the time indicated an utter impossibility.

I have convened the Council, which will remain in session awaiting any further communication you may have to make.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
M. SLAUGHTER, Mayor.

Last night was a busy one in Fredericksburg, the inhabitants being engaged in removing their persons and property. The military authorities were also not idle, as daylight this morning revealed to view a line of earthworks to the right and rear of the town, the result of last night's labor. Our artillery is now being placed in the most favorable positions, while the encampments which were within range of the enemy's guns are being moved further back from the river.

There are very strong reasons for not opening upon the city to-day, unless we are forced to do so by the enemy. The rebels have just fired a few shots, but no response has been made.

The Latest.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Saturday Evening, Nov. 22.—Nothing of interest has transpired this afternoon.

Owing to some misunderstanding, a train which was leaving Fredericksburg, with a number of women and children, was fired into to-day, but, fortunately, no one was hurt. The citizens are fast leaving the city.

From the Army-Affairs at Fredericksburg

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—A gentleman who left the army of the Potomac at 10 o'clock this morning says that eleven additional hours had been given the authorities of Fredericksburg to surrender the town.

Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—We learn by way of Fortress Monroe that Gen. Dix sent out a reconnoissance up the Peninsula, which reached the Chickahominy and a portion of the old battle ground. They took prisoners all the rebels they saw, and procured some valuable information.

On Saturday morning a working party, belonging to General Geary's command, near Harper's Ferry, were attacked by a squadron of rebel cavalry. Our troops were ordered out, and a few shots from a battery dispersed the rebels.

A reconnoissance over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad discloses that much damage has been done to the railroad in the neighborhood of Martinsburg. Twenty-two miles of the track has been destroyed.

General Frank Patterson, of this city, was found dead in his tent, at Fairfax Court House, on Saturday morning. The body has arrived in the city, but the cause of death is unknown.

The gunboat Mohawk has shelled the town of St. Mary's, Florida.

The yellow fever has entirely disappeared from Port Royal.

The Grenada Appeal is very solicitous about the future of Mississippi. It anticipates that the Union troops may conquer the state, and calls upon the people to increase rebel Pemberton's army to 100,000 men.

Rebel Governor Rector of Arkansas has resigned.

Richard Field has been appointed Senator of New Jersey to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. J. R. Thompson. The term expires on the 4th of March.

A reconnoissance was made lately to Ripley and Orizaba, Miss., capturing a number of persons and horses.

The rebels are reported to have evacuated Murfreesboro, and to be prepared for Tullahoma, where they are fortifying. Heavy cannonading was heard at Nashville yesterday morning, in the direction of Lebanon. Shelbyville is occupied by Breckinridge's division, while the rest is at Duck river.

A MEMORY.

BY JANE T. LOMAX.

She was a gentle, quiet girl,
With darkly waving hair
Just parted in her simple way,
On a forehead low and fair.
No flush of brilliant loveliness
Was sparkling on her face,
But something tranquil and subdued
And touching in its grace.

She seldom smiled; but then she brought
No cloud on others' glee;
And ever on her pale young brow
A shadow seemed to be;
And then her voice was very sad
In its soft and earnest tone,
With a low and winning eloquence,
And a sweetness all its own.

Some hidden sorrow on the past
A darkness seemed to throw;
She never spoke of early ties,
Or of pleasures long ago:
But in the daily, common cares
She calmly met her share,
As one who had no shrinking from
The trials life must bear.

No jest was on the placid lip
Where kindest accents hung,
And never now the careless laugh
From her still spirit rung.
But with a light and silent step
She moved among the throng,
Promoting in her noiseless way
The cheerful dance and song.

She had a pleasure in the sight
Of others' happy mirth,
Such as an angel might have felt
While looking on the earth;
For she was like an angel here,
So lovely and so pure,
And she hath passed where spirits are,
To dwell with us no more.

We miss the kindness of her voice,
And the beauty of her brow,
And the sweetest words we ever heard
Are silent to us now.
She never spoke the quiet grief,
Whose blight so early fell—
She had been gayer once, they said,
But loved too long and well.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

Our Pledges.

The Lord, before giving the law from Sinai, asked the people for some guarantee that they would keep the law, and the people named their ancestors, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. But the Lord answered:

"How can I accept these as guarantees? Did not Abraham doubt when the promises were given him? Did not Isaac love his son Esau, in spite of his misconduct towards me? Did not Jacob, despairing, once say, my way is dark before God?"

The people then pledged their children, those that were born as well as the unborn; and having accepted them, our Lord, when Jewish parents are faithless to the compact, looks to their pledges, the children.

The Ram.

Our Lord God, when he had demanded from Abraham the sacrifice of his son Isaac, sent a ram to take his place; but by the cunning of Samuel, the evil spirit, the ram's horns were entangled in the thicket. The animal, however, knowing what pious duty it had to perform, and how much depended upon its speed, struggled with all its power, and stretching out its fore-feet, contrived to touch Abraham's garments, and thereby call forth his attention. For the sake of this devotion, the ram is blessed forever. Its entrails became the strings to David's harp; its skin girded the loins of the prophet Elijah; its left horn is the trumpet that was sounded on Mount Sinai; its right horn is the trumpet that will be sounded on the day of judgment.

Isaac.

When Isaac lay bound on the altar, and his father raised the knife, the angels wept, and some of their tears dropping down on Isaac's face, made his eyes dim, and this dimness afterwards increased to blindness, that he might not behold the misconduct of his son Esau.

Ambition.

When Jeroboam prepared himself for revolt and for usurping the throne of David, God strove, at the last moment, to retain him in the path of duty, saying:

"Thou shalt one day be with me in Paradise; and, together with David, thou shalt walk with me through the garden of Eden."

Jeroboam inquired:

"Who is to take the precedence, David or I?"

The Lord answered:

"My servant David, assuredly."

And Jeroboam replied:

"Then I prefer to give up Paradise."

Reward—Chastity.

Because he would not kiss the wife of Potiphar, Joseph received the brotherly kiss of the King of Egypt.

Because he withdrew his neck from her embrace, his neck was wrapped in a royal chain of gold.

Because he did not touch her with his hand, the royal seal was given into his hand.

Because his foot carried him away from temptation, it ascended the steps of the throne.

Because his heart had remained pure, and had allowed no baseness to enter, it was filled with delight caused by acclamations of millions.

The Wandering Jew.

The celebrated legend about Ahasuerus, the shoemaker, who was cursed for his conduct towards Christ—and whose wanderings have by some authors been made a symbol of the fate of the Jewish nation—has, of course, no currency among the Jews themselves, nor are the two following stories in any way connected with that idea. They are of recent origin, and one, of which the scene is laid in London, may be taken as a specimen of the satire with which the Jews often persecute cupidity among themselves, especially among the Polish Jews.

A Polish Jew, one Abraham Kalisch, having come to London to gain his livelihood as a peddler, and by begging from his wealthier brethren, was once assailed, on passing London Bridge, by a Christian, whom his long, reddish beard seemed to displease, and who, after some abuse in words, violently pulled the said beard. The crowd that quickly gathered, pitying the poor, inoffensive Jew, laid hold of the assailant, and delivered him over to the police: he was prosecuted in due course, and sentenced to pay to Abraham Kalisch the sum of thirty pounds damages. As soon as Abraham Kalisch had the thirty pounds in his pocket, with some ten pounds besides, previously earned by "trade," he returned to Poland, and made his reappearance in his native town as a wealthy man, the owner of forty pounds—more than six hundred florins! Scorning the wretched life of a peddler, he now opened a shop with a glass front, and stocked it well with old clothes, and even with some new ones, besides boots and ribbons. He thus became the envy and pride of the community. All people were at a loss to understand how Abraham Kalisch in so short a time had become so rich in London; nor did Abraham Kalisch ever by word or hint betray his secret, until one evening when Leib Chasid, an old friend of his, and with a reddish beard like his own, seated with him at the fireside, said:

"Abraham Kalisch, may you live long! Have you any idea of returning to London?"

"Leib Chasid, I have not," replied Abraham Kalisch.

"As true as God lives?"

"As true as God lives."

"Well, then, Abraham, why will you withhold from a brother the secret by which you made your fortune in that city? You left this country a poor, ragged youth, and God Almighty sent you back as the wealthy Abraham Kalisch! Do you think the Lord performs such things for the benefit of a single individual alone, and not for your starving brethren? May you live long; but would you appear before His throne with the responsibility of having left in misery a brother, whom a word from your lips could have made happy? Would you? May envy be far from your soul; but by your silence you will incur the suspicion of envying a brother the chance of becoming as happy and wealthy as yourself. Now, in His holy name, I conjure thee, brother, to intrust me with thy secret, and I promise never to return to this town, and never to set up shop in competition with thine."

Abraham Kalisch replied:

"Who can see the ways of God? They are mysterious, and it is a mystery how I became rich; but, as true as God lives, I will tell you all about it."

"Well, I am listening, brother; my heart stands still from anxiety."

"Now, Leib Chasid, suppose you go to London, and when there, you ask for a bridge called London Bridge. You walk on that bridge, when there will come a man who will curse you and pull your beard, upon which, this man will pay you thirty pieces of gold. This is all."

The same evening Leib Chasid left for London. Although, many, many years have elapsed since then, he still walks up and down London Bridge, and if at midnight, on passing along the bridge, you meet a man in a black robe (caftan), and with a long, reddish beard, who whispers to you: "Zupf mer" (Pull my beard), it is Leib Chasid.

The other story runs thus:—

There lived once at Nurnberg, in Bavaria, two Jews of a very different character—one, a skillful mechanician, and a gentle, pious man; the other, a wealthy merchant, proud, harsh, ill-tempered, and irreligious. It was observed, and afterwards much commented on, that the merchant, although imperious towards everybody else, always seemed to avoid, with a sort of awe or respect, his neighbor the mechanician, and he once was heard to say:

"I know I am given into that fellow's hand, but I cannot help it."

One Friday afternoon, the merchant stood on the top of the broad steps before his house, smoking his meerschaum pipe, and angrily scolding his men, who were busy bringing bales and barrels into his house, when a poor woman with an infant in her arms came up to him, begging in the name of God, as she had lost her husband during her confinement.

"Do not bother me, be off!" replied he, harshly.

"I will bear hard words, for the sake of my poor baby," said she; "God Almighty, who has given you the means, must have given you a heart too."

"I have no heart for such lazy beggars as you!" exclaimed he. "I cannot alter the law, that permits beggars to marry, but they shall not feed their young upon my earnings—get away!"

"Oh, sir, beware of your own children," said she, crying bitterly, and turning away from him.

"Do you threaten, do you curse, you lazy hag?" cried he; and lifting his foot to kick her, he lost his balance, and falling down the steps, broke his leg.

It was soon found necessary to amputate the leg; but on his recovery, being obliged to wear a wooden leg, he felt it a humiliation that he, the wealthy merchant, should appear before the world in such a state, and always remind people of the accident that had befallen him, because he had attempted to kick a poor woman. He therefore applied to several mechanicians of the town for an artificial leg that might be made to move like a natural one; but they all avowed their inability to construct such a one, and advised him to try the skill of his neighbor. He submitted at last; and really got a leg so ingeniously contrived with springs and wheels, and fitting him so admirably, that not only, to all appearance, but often even to his own sensations, he had two sound natural legs. "Now," he said to his neighbor—"now, I am not afraid of you any more. I will confide to you that I once had a strange dream, in which I heard a voice say that I was given into your hand; but now I see that your hand has the power to help and not to hurt me."

"Be thankful for it," said his neighbor.

"Well, I think I have paid you handsomely, so I owe you nothing more."

"I did not mean that you should be grateful to me, but to God."

"Oh, humbug! If God meddles with such matters, I have first to settle accounts with Him for the loss of my old leg; and the new one, I am sure I should never have got had I been poor. Or would you, for God's sake, have made me a present of it?—Nonsense!"

Thus he went on in his old manner; nay, even with more ill-temper, for he felt a deep revengeful hatred to the poor woman whom he had tried to kick; and he ruminated on a scheme of gratifying this hatred, or, at least, of getting her away from the town, and sending her to the parish to which her late husband had belonged, and where she would be treated as a pauper. The woman, striving hard to maintain herself and her child, could not be removed so long as she did not accept of alms; and therefore, one Saturday morning, he went to her house, accompanied by a witness, and, speaking in a friendly manner to her, induced her to say something that justified him in giving her money. On returning triumphant, he was not quite satisfied with his artificial leg, that hindered him in the quickness of his pace, and meeting his neighbor just coming from synagogue, he complained of this fault with the leg. The mechanician said:

"Some wheel may be out of order. I will see to it to-morrow."

"Oh, to-morrow! why not to-day, immediately? Step with me into this gateway, and see what is the matter."

"Not to-day," replied the mechanician; "it is Sabbath."

"Do not bother me with your hypocrisy! Which is better, to observe the Sabbath, or to do your duty as an honest workman? Besides, it is no work; it is only to look after the machinery, just as to wind up your watch."

"Well, I will look to it," said the mechanician; and going up the gateway with the merchant, requested him to rest his leg upon a stone. In so doing, the merchant, in his impatience, knocked the leg against the stone in such a manner that the wheels, receiving a sudden impulse, pushed him on at a terribly quick rate. Against his will, he now ran off along the street, out of the town, into the mountains, where he wanders to this day, and where he is sometimes met with, and is heard to cry, "Stop my leg!" But whether he means the artificial leg, or that which was lifted against the poor woman, is uncertain.

Tolerance.

One day Abraham, seated before his tent at Mamre, saw a traveller, an old man, passing on the sunny, dusty road, and on going to his encounter, said:

"Stranger, mayst thou live long, and may thy entrance under my roof be blessed!"

The traveller accepted his invitation, and when the shadows fell long, and the rising breeze passed over the land, refreshing man and herds, they sat down to supper, the guest on Abraham's right hand, and three hundred men on each side.

After the meal, Abraham said to his guest: "We will now thank our God. Thou mayst thank thine, stranger, whoever he be."

"I do not believe in any god made of stone, clay, or wood," answered the stranger.

"I rejoice to hear it," said Abraham. "Thou wilt, then, offer thy thanksgiving and prayer to my God, the creator of heaven and earth."

"I never saw Him," replied the traveller; "I have lived ninety years without beholding a trace of such a god as thou speakest of."

"What god, then is thine? Whom dost thou revere?" Abraham asked impatiently.

"I revere none other save such aged, noble men as thou. I am myself much revered at home, because I am old."

Upon which Abraham rose indignant, and said:

"Be off, unbeliever! do not sully the air of my house with thy breath?"

And the old man arose and withdrew, whilst Abraham and his three hundred men sat silent.

But at night God appeared unto Abraham, and said: "Why didst thou eject from thy tent a fellow-man, a guest whom thou hadst invited? Why wouldst thou not allow the roof of thy tent to cover him during the night, when lions and beasts of prey are abroad?"

"Because he did not know or revere Thee?"

"But did not I for ninety years permit him to remain under the tent of Heaven? Did I ever forbid my dew or rain to refresh him, or did I make barren his soil, or cause his dates or olive-trees to wither? Hearken; because thou hast done this; because thou hast thrust forth a guest into darkness, thy descendants shall become strangers among an inhospitable people, and the darkness of fear and anguish shall be over their mind until I, their God, deem it time to show my power."

Solidarity of Sin.

Our sages of old always held and taught the doctrine, that there is no individual sin, but that society at large is endangered by the sins, vices, and crimes perpetrated even in secret; and in order to illustrate this proposition they told the following:—

"A ship left Joppa, and on board was a man who beneath his berth dug a hole through the ship's side. The crew and passengers rushing towards him, upbraided him with this foul action; but he said—"What matters to you? I dig the hole under my own berth alone.'"

Martyrs.

During the cruel persecutions following the great Jewish struggle and defeat under Bar Cochba, a widow and her five sons were brought before the Roman Emperor, who, pointing to a statue, said to them: "This is my god; kneel down, and worship him." As they refused to do so, the Emperor ordered the eldest son to be beheaded, and then repeated his command to the next, but with the like result. He went on in this way until the youngest son alone was left, a beautiful, innocent-looking boy of fourteen. "Save thy life, boy, and kneel down," said the Emperor; but the youth, gazing at him with disdain, only repeated the last words of his dying brothers: "Schema Yisroal, Adonai Elohornon Adonai Echod!" "Come, boy," said the Emperor, "let me save thy life. I will throw this ring of mine on the ground; pick it up, that the people may see thee bowing down, and believe that thou hast worshipped." The boy answered: "So much fear hast thou of those mortals below, because their eyes are upon thee, and should I have less fear of my God above, whose eyes are upon me!" Upon which he was doomed to share the fate of his brothers.

IN THE MOONLIGHT LONG AGO.

(SONG, FOR MUSIC.)

You love me well, I know, wife,
In spite of frown and toss;
In the moonlight long ago, wife,
You didn't look so cross;
In your little scarlet cloak, dear,
You tripp'd along the moss,
And all at once I spoke, dear,
Though sadly at a loss.

You hung your pretty head, then,
And answer'd very low;
I scarce heard what you said, then,
But I knew it wasn't "No."
My joy I couldn't speak, love,
But, a hundred times or so,
I kiss'd a velvet cheek, love,
In the moonlight long ago.

M. BROTHERTON.

Limitations to Man's Knowledge.

The narrow limits within which human knowledge is confined are well set forth in the following narrative, told by an allegorical personage, in an old Arabian work. It contains a sharp rebuke to that self-sufficiency which thinks its own range of knowledge complete and absolute:—

I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and I asked one of the inhabitants how long it had been founded.

"It is, indeed, a mighty city," replied he; "we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves."

Five centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed.

"In sooth a strange question!" replied he. "The ground here has never been different from what you now behold it."

"Was there not of old," said I, "a splendid city here?"

"Never," answered he, "so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such."

On my return there five hundred years afterwards, *I found the sea in the same place*, and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters?

"Is this a question," said they, "for a man like you? This spot has always been what it is now."

I again returned, five hundred years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared; I inquired of a man who stood alone upon the spot, how long ago this change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in beautiful buildings than the city I had seen the first time, and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, "Its rise is lost in remote antiquity: we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves."

Birds—Their Power to Communicate Information to Each Other.—All birds are either daily or nightly employed in seeking their food, and some being at times more fortunate than others, undoubtedly tell of their success to their own fraternity. I have frequently observed three or four small birds in a newly-sown field of oats, evidently local inhabitants; in a few days their numbers would be increased by hundreds of strangers from a distance. If one solitary jackdaw discovers your cherry tree he will most assuredly introduce all his acquaintances to the fruit. A rook will also, in some mysterious way, influence a large flock to share with him in your early potatoes or corn, when he once discovers the desired treasure. The alarm note of the parent will instantly silence the chirpings of its young; and the large birds by a peculiar motion of the wing, and manner of flight when high up in the air, and too distant to be heard, signal danger to those upon the ground unconscious of the stealthy approach of the enemy. It is to the eyes, and not to the nostrils, that they owe their safety on such occasions, and it is a mistake to suppose that they smell you or the powder in your gun.—*English paper.*

☞ "What's in a Name?"—A side-wheel steamer is to be built at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, the name for which is the Sassacus. Sassy-cuss for a dashing steamer is quite appropriate.

☞ Church, the artist, painted a picture of Niagara Falls the other day, in five hours, for which he received $1,500.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY OF TWO CRIMINALS.

BY M. CANLER,
Head of the French Detective Police.

A burglary was committed at night in the shop of a certain watchmaker in the Rue St. Denis. The robbers seized "a number of gold and silver watches hanging in the window, and then went off, leaving behind them a wooden-handled chisel, which they had employed in bursting the lock, and a candle-end, wrapped in a piece of paper about half the size of a hand. M. S——— did not discover the robbery till he came down to his shop in the morning; and I was not informed of the daring burglary till ten o'clock. I at once proceeded with an agent to the shop, in order to collect any indications that might help me to discover the robbers; but there was not the slightest clue. No one had seen them, and, excepting the two articles to which I have referred, no object of a nature to facilitate a search was left in the shop. Under these circumstances, I resolved to call on the police commissioner of the quarter, who might perhaps possess more precise data; but this magistrate told me that nothing could be done for the present, and that it would be wise to keep quiet for a while, as any steps could only lead to loss of time and useless labor. Then the conversation changed, and while talking of one thing and the other, I mechanically took up the piece of paper, which was three inches long at the most, that surrounded the candle-end. All at once, my eyes were dazzled, as if by a sunbeam. I had read beneath the dirty finger-marks, the four words, 'Two pounds of butter,' written in an illegible manner, and with an ink whose paleness rendered them even more difficult to decipher. 'By Jove!' I exclaimed, 'that is a prodigious accident. I must find out the person who wrote those words, and then, perhaps, I shall get a clue to my thieves.'"

The commissioner does not think much of this piece of paper; he warns M. Canler that he intends to close the report at four o'clock, and send all the articles to the prefecture. "Very good," replies our author; and off he starts, accompanied by an agent, and holding the little piece of paper.

"I jumped into a cab, and visited unsuccessfully all the markets in turn. Disappointed, I was returning to the commissioner's office, when I noticed, in the Rue St. Aubrey le Boucher, a butter-dealer, to whom I handed my bit of paper, while repeating my usual formula. After turning it over and over, the dealer said: 'Why, I wrote those words; but I don't know to whom they were addressed. It is a ticket which I stuck on two pounds of butter, sold to some passer-by or customer.' On hearing this, I fell back from the seventh heaven to earth, and went off.

"As I walked along, I said to myself that the robbery was performed either at the beginning of the night—that is to say, at one in the morning—or the burglars waited till a later hour. But the latter theory was inadmissible, because at a later hour the Rue St. Denis is filled with carts going to market and artisans proceeding to work. Hence the robbery was committed *at about one in the morning*. If this was the case, the robbers, in order not to arouse the suspicion of persons dwelling in the same house as themselves, did not go home to bed; they probably spent the night in some low wine vaults—the Courtelle, for instance—and that would explain how, in going down the Faubourg du Temple, they purchased the candle in that quarter. While discussing the circumstances which must have preceded the robbery, I turned into the Rue du Faubourg du Temple, where I went from chandler's shop to chandler's shop, asking whether any one recognized my bit of paper—it was the lantern with which Diogenes sought a man. At length I came to No. 62, near the barracks, and to my great satisfaction the following answer was returned to my question:

"'Yes, sir; at about half after eleven last night I sold a halfpenny candle, wrapped in the paper you now show me, to two young men who live in the next house.'

"'What is their trade?'

"'Ah, sir, they are as quiet as lambs! They are commercial travellers, and both out of work just at present. They smuggle laces from Belgium, but they are as well behaved as girls; they see nobody; they frequent no bad company; they do not drink or quarrel.'

"I thanked my chandler for his information, and said that it was not with these young men that I had anything to do; but as I feared lest he might warn the robbers, or give them the alarm by his chattering, I sent my agent to fetch one of his comrades. During the interval, I made the neighbors talk, and obtained a description of the malefactors. On the arrival of the inspectors, I set them to watch, with orders to arrest the robbers if they went out, and at four o'clock the next morning I went up and arrested them. I could see nothing of a suspicious nature in their room. I sent for the commissioner; but a search led to no result, and I began to fear, not that I was mistaken, but that I had arrived too late, and that the watches had fled. There was in the room a large window looking out into the yard, which I opened to let in some fresh air, and as I leaned out I perceived a blacksmith's shop.

"'By Jove!' I said to myself, 'it would not be so very extraordinary if that smith made the chisel, without knowing to what use it would be turned.' So, taking the instrument, which I had brought, I went down to the forge, and asked the master whether the tool were of his making.

"'No, sir,' he answered me; 'but I put it in a handle for one of the young men with whom you now are. He said he wanted to use it for opening cases.'"

"There was no further doubt, and these were the burglars; hence I hurried up again, and the search began more strictly than before. The mattresses were ripped open, the paillasse gutted, the walls sounded, the boards taken up, and every hole and corner inspected. We were in despair, for we could find nothing, and after three-quarters of an hour of useless searching, we resolved to go away. But the next morning I commenced a fresh search in their room; and on examining the ceiling, I noticed an almost imperceptible difference of color over the bed. I jumped on to a chair, and a vigorous blow of my fist on the spot produced a hole, from which tumbled pell-mell on to the bed gold and silver watches, all stolen from M. S———. Our two rogues, in order to hide the stolen articles, had made a hole in the ceiling, which they covered again with thick paper, and whitewashed over, and it only appeared of a darker color because it was not quite dry yet.

"Some time after, the two burglars were tried at the assizes, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. And yet on what did the success of this affair depend? Upon a piece of paper, to which no one had paid any attention!"

We conclude with one of Canler's assassin stories, written in his very best style.

"Mademoiselle Ribault, drawer of designs, sixty-one years of age, engaged on the *Petit Courrier des Dames*, residing with her companion, a Mademoiselle Lebel, who was seventy-two years of age, in a modest suite of rooms at No. 1 Rue Bourbon le Chateau. Their peaceful existence seemed as if it would be prolonged for a lengthened period; but contrary to all human foresight, it was destined to have a deplorable end. On December 31, 1850, they were both murdered at about two in the afternoon; and the assassin, before escaping, seized a sum of five hundred and fifty francs in gold. The circumstances were as follows: On the last day of every month, a clerk of the newspaper came to pay Mademoiselle Ribault a sum of two hundred francs for her monthly work. After the clerk's visit, there was no sign of life in the rooms occupied by the old ladies. The landlady of the house rang the bell several times, but obtained no answer; and alarmed by the unusual silence, she resolved, at eleven in the evening, on having the door broken open by a locksmith. Then, a frightful spectacle was visible; at each end of the room lay a victim bathed in her blood. Mademoiselle Lebel had heaved her last sigh several hours before, but her mistress still gave signs of life. The latter unfortunate lady had fainted through the severe loss of blood entailed by her numerous wounds; and her limbs, already weakened by age, were to some extent paralyzed. On regaining her senses, she dragged herself to the mantel-piece, and by a final sublime effort traced on the fender, with a finger dipped in her own blood, these few denunciatory words, which survived her, and insured the punishment of the murderer:—*The assassin is M. Thierry's clerk!*"

THE TASK COMPLETED.

The mother's work is never done, unless God takes it from her by a special providence, until her children are old enough to stand and to act for themselves on the stage of mature life. From the birth of her oldest to the maturity of the youngest she must work, work, work, watch, watch, watch, by day and by night, week in and week out, for months and years, following each other in long succession. We speak not of maternal work; of the labor of the hands to supply the wants of the physical nature; the answering of, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Money can accomplish all this, if we have it, and if not, we will not sigh, nor fret, nor covet; for the heart-work, the solicitude of a good mother for a virtuous and honorable character in her children, walks forth with a bolder, steadier step by the side of frugality and daily labor, than it is apt to do if separated from them.

It is a well known fact that almost all the true greatness, the noble virtues, the heroism which the world has seen, have arisen from the lap of obscurity, poverty and toil. But the work to which we now refer is that which every mother, whether rich or poor, whatever the advantages or disadvantages of her circumstances may be, is required by the most sacred and rigid obligations to achieve—the assiduous cultivation of the inner nature, of that which makes the true man or woman, that which shall live forever and ever. For this she must be always at her post, with never so much as a recess from her maternal care and solicitude, toiling on, breaking up the ground, sowing the seed training the tender plant, enriching the soil, watering, nourishing, stimulating every good and pleasant growth, until the flowers begin to bloom, and the fruit to ripen. Then comes a heyday of enjoyment, of rest and comfort to the mother, in the golden Autumn of her life, when, surrounded by a group of affectionate, dutiful, virtuous, and noble sons and daughters, she sits among them in beautiful repose, her face radiant in the glow of her own heart's ever-burning love, and the smile of Heaven as a halo of light about her head—a spectacle to be admired and envied of all. But this season of comfort, this "Indian Summer" of maternal life, never, *never* comes to those who evade their responsibilities, forsake their trust, and leave their work for others to do, for the sake of personal ease, sensuous indulgence, or selfish gratification. The very thing they seek, they lose by a lamentable and hopeless mistake, verifying the words of our Lord, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

☞ A gentleman who has carried a Mexican dollar for a pocket-piece for many years has done a pretty good business with it lately by exhibiting it at a three cent postage stamp a sight.

☞ The most disagreeable articles for a man to keep on hand are said to be handcuffs.

☞ A Physician's Toast—May the poor people never get sick!

A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use whate'er I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne, and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety for my feet;

But pray that when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith,
In the unbottomed sea of doubt;

And that, though it be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go
On the bright ladder of my dreams.

I do not ask for love, below,
That friends shall never be estranged,
But for the power of loving so
My soul may keep its youth unchanged.

And though wide lands or cruel seas
Hold me from dearest ones apart,
Still may all sweet capacities
Be fountains open in my heart.

Youth, Joy, Wealth—Fate, I give thee these;
Leave Faith and Hope till life is past;
And leave my heart's best impulses
Fresh and unfailing to the last.

For these, I think, of all good things,
Most precious, out of heaven above;
And that the power of loving brings
The fullest recompense of love.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLIII.

MEETING THE NEWS.

Miss Deborah West did not believe in ghosts. Miss Deb, setting aside a few personal weaknesses and vanities, was a strong-minded female, and no more believed in ghosts than she did in Master Cheese's delicate constitution, which required to be supplied with an unlimited quantity of tarts and other dainties to keep up his strength between meals. The commotion respecting Frederick Massingbird, that his ghost had arrived from Australia, and "walked," reached the ears of Miss Deb. It reached them in this way.

Miss Deb and her sister, compelled to economy by the scanty allowance afforded by Dr. West, had no more helpmates in the household department than could be avoided, and the surgery boy, Hob, found himself sometimes pressed into aiding in the domestic service. One evening Miss Deb entered the surgery, and caught Master Cheese revelling in a hat-full of walnuts by gaslight. This was the evening of the storm, previously mentioned.

"Where's Bob?" asked she. "I want a message taken to Mrs. Broom's about those pickled mushrooms that she is doing for me."

"Bob's out," responded Master Cheese. "Have a walnut, Miss Deb?"

"I don't mind. Are they ripe?" answered Miss Deb.

Master Cheese, the greediest chap alive, picked out the smallest he could find, politely cracked it with his teeth, and handed it to her.

"You'll not get Bob over to Broom's at this hour," cried he. "Jan can't get him to Mother Hook's with her medicine, unless it's made up so that he can take it before dark. They have to send for it."

"What's that for?" asked Miss Deb.

Master Cheese cracked on at his walnuts.

"You have not heard the tale that's going about, I suppose, Miss Deb?"

"I have not heard any tale," she answered.

"And I don't know that I must tell it you," continued Master Cheese, filling his mouth with five or six quarters at once, unpeeled. "Jan ordered me to hold my tongue in-doors."

"It would be more respectful, Master Cheese, if you said Mr. Jan," rebuked Miss Deborah. "I have told you so often."

"Who cares?" returned Master Cheese. "Jan doesn't. The fact is, Miss Deb, that there's a ghost about at night just now."

"Have they got up that folly again? Rachel Frost rests a great deal quieter in her grave than some of you do in your beds."

"Ah, but it's not Rachel this time," significantly responded Master Cheese. "It's somebody else."

"Who is it, then?" asked Miss Deb, struck with his manner.

"I'll tell you if you won't tell Jan. It's—don't start, Miss Deb—it's Fred Massingbird's."

Miss Deb did not start. She looked keenly at Master Cheese, believing he might be playing a joke upon her. But there was no sign of joking in his countenance. It looked, on the contrary, singularly serious, not to say awe-struck, as he leaned forward to bring it nearer Miss Deborah's.

"It is a fact that Fred Massingbird's ghost is walking," he continued. "Lots have seen it. I have seen it. You'd have heard of it, like everybody else has, if you had not been Mrs. Verner's sister. It's an unpleasantly queer thing for her, you know, Miss Deb."

"What utter absurdity!" cried Deborah.

"Wait till you see it before you say it's absurdity," replied Master Cheese. "If it's not Fred Massingbird's ghost, it is somebody's that's the exact image of him."

Miss Deborah sat down on a stone jar, and got Master Cheese to tell her the whole story. That he should put in a few exaggerations, and so increase the marvel, was only natural. But Deborah West heard sufficient to send her mind into a state of uneasy perplexity.

"You say Mr. Jan knows of this?" she asked.

"There's nobody about that doesn't know of it, except you and the folks at Verner's Pride," responded Master Cheese. "I say, don't you go and inform Jan that you made me tell you, Miss Deb! You'll get me into a row if you do."

But this was the very thing that Miss Deb resolved to do. Not to get Master Cheese into a "row," but that she saw no other way of allaying her uncertainty. Ghosts were utterly excluded from Deborah West's creed; and why so many people should be suddenly testifying that Frederick Massingbird's was to be seen, she could not understand. That there must be something in it more than the common absurdity of such tales, the state of Alice Hook appeared to testify.

"Can Bob be spared to go over to Broom's in the morning?" she asked, after a long pause of silence, given apparently to the contemplation of Master Cheese's intense enjoyment of his walnuts; in reality, to deep thought.

"Well, I don't know," answered the young gentleman, who never was ready to accord the services of Bob in-doors, lest it might involve any little extra amount of exertion for himself. "There's a sight of medicine to be taken out just now. Jan's got a great deal to do, and *I* am nearly worked off my legs."

"It looks like it," retorted Miss Deborah. "Your legs will never be much the worse for the amount of work *you* do. Where's Mr. Jan?"

"He went out to go to Hook's," replied Master Cheese, a desperately hard walnut proving nearly too much for his teeth. "He'll take a round, I dare say, before he comes in."

Deborah returned in-doors. Though not much inclined to reticence in general, she observed it now, saying nothing to Amilly. The storm came on, and they sat and watched it. Supper time approached, and Master Cheese was punctual. He found some pickled herrings on the table, of which he was uncommonly fond, and eat at them as long as Miss West would supply his plate. The meal was over when Jan came in.

"Don't trouble to have things brought back for me," said he. "I'll eat a bit of bread and cheese."

He was not like his assistant; his growing days were over.

Master Cheese went straight up to bed. He liked to do so as soon as supper was over, lest any summons came, and he should have to go out. Easy Jan, no matter how tired he might be, would attend himself, sooner than wake up Master Cheese—a ceremony more easy to attempt than to accomplish. Fortifying himself with about a pound of sweet cake, which he kept in his box, as a dessert to the herrings, and to refresh his dreams, Master Cheese put himself into bed.

Jan meanwhile finished his bread and cheese, and rose.

"I wonder whether I shall get a whole night of it to-night?" said he, stretching himself. "I didn't have much bed last night."

"Have you to go out again, Mr. Jan?"

"No. I shall look to the books a bit, and then turn in. Good-night, Miss Deborah; good-night, Miss Amilly."

"Good-night," they answered.

Amilly drew to the fire. The chilly rain of the afternoon had caused them to have one lighted. She put her feet on the fender, feeling the warmth comfortable. Deborah sent the supper-tray away, and then left the room. Stealing out of the side door quietly, she tripped across the narrow path of wet gravel, and entered the surgery. Jan had got an account-book open on the counter, and was leaning over it, a pen in his hand.

"Don't be frightened, Mr. Jan; it's only me," said Deborah, who did not at all times confine herself to the rules of severe grammar. "I'll shut the door, if you please, for I want to say a word to yourself alone."

"Is it more physic that you want?" asked Jan. "Has the pain in the side come again?"

"It is not about pains or physic," she answered, drawing nearer to the counter, "Mr. Jan,"—dropping her voice to a confidential whisper,—"would you be so good as to tell me the truth of this story that is going about?"

Jan paused.

"What story?" he rejoined.

"This ghost story. They are saying, I understand, that—that—they are saying something about Frederick Massingbird."

"Did Cheese supply you with the information?" cried Jan, imperturbable as ever.

"He did. But I must beg you not to scold him for it—as he thought you might do. It was I who drew the story from him. He said you cautioned him not to speak of it to me or Amilly. I quite appreciate your motives, Mr. Jan, and feel that it was very considerate of you. But now that I have heard it, I want to know particulars from somebody more reliable than Master Cheese."

"I told Lionel I'd say nothing to any soul in the parish," said Jan, open and single-minded as though he had been made of glass. "But he'd not mind my making you an exception—as you have heard it. You are Sibylla's sister."

"*You* don't believe in its being a ghost?"

Jan grinned.

"I!" cried he. "No, I don't."

"Then what do you suppose it is, that's frightening people? And why should they be frightened?"

Jan sat himself down on the counter, and whirled his legs over to the other side, clearing the gallipots; so that he faced Miss Deborah. Not to waste time, he took the mortar before him. And there he was at his ease; his legs hanging, and his hands pounding.

"What should you think it is?" inquired he.

"How can I think, Mr. Jan? Until an hour or two ago, I had not heard of the rumor. I suppose it is somebody who walks about at night to frighten people. But it is curious that he should look like Frederick Massingbird. Can you understand it?"

"I am afraid I can," replied Jan, pounding away.

"Will you tell me, please, what you think."

"Can't you guess at it, Miss Deb?"

Miss Deb looked at him, beginning to think his manner as mysterious as Master Cheese's had been.

"I can't guess at it at all," she presently said. "Please to tell me."

"Then don't you go and drop down in a fit when you hear it," was the rejoinder of Jan. "I suppose it is Fred himself."

The words took her utterly by surprise. Not at first did she understand their meaning. She stared at Jan, her eyes and her mouth gradually opening.

"Fred himself?" she mechanically uttered.

"I suppose so. Fred himself. Not his ghost."

"Do you mean that he has come to life again?" she rapidly rejoined.

"Well, you can call it so if you like," said Jan. "I expect that, in point of fact, he has never been dead. The report of his death must have been erroneous; one of those unaccountable mistakes that do sometimes happen to astonish the world."

Deborah West took in the full sense of the words, and sunk down on the big stone jar. She turned all over of a burning heat; she felt her hands beginning to twitch with emotion.

"You mean that he is alive?—that he has never been dead?" she gasped.

Jan nodded.

"Oh, Mr. Jan! Then, what is—what is Sibylla?"

"Ah," said Jan, "that's just it. She's the wife of both of 'em—as you may say."

For any petty surprise or evil, Miss Deborah would have gone off in a succession of screams, of pseudo faints. *This* evil was all too real, too terrible. She sat with her trembling hands clasped to pain, looking hopelessly at Jan.

He told her all he knew; all that was said by others.

"Dan Duff's nothing," remarked he; "and Cheese is nothing; and others, who profess to have seen it, are nothing; and old Frost's not much. But I'd back Bourne's calmness and sound sense against the world, and I'd back Broom's."

"And they have both seen it?"

"Both," replied Jan. "Both are sure that it is Frederick Massingbird."

"What will Mr. Verner do?" she asked, looking round with a shudder, and not speaking above her breath.

"Oh, that's his affair," said Jan. "It's hard to guess what he may do; he is one that won't be dictated to. If it were some people's case, they'd say to Sibylla, 'Now you have got two husbands, choose which you'll have, and keep to him.'"

"Good heavens, Mr. Jan!" exclaimed Miss Deb, shocked at the loose sentiments the words appeared to indicate. "And suppose she should choose the second? Have you thought of the sin? The second *can't* be her husband; it would be as bad as those Mormons."

"Looking at it in a practical point of view, I can't see much difference, which of the two she chooses," returned Jan. "If Fred was her husband once, Lionel's her husband now; practically I say, you know, Miss Deb."

Miss Deb thought the question was going rather into metaphysics, a branch of science which she did not understand, and so was content to leave the controversy.

"Any way, it is dreadful for her," she said, with another shiver. "Oh, Mr. Jan, do you think it can really be true?"

"*I* think that there's not a doubt of it," he answered, stopping in his pounding. "But you need not think so, Miss Deb."

"How am I to help thinking so?" she simply asked.

"You needn't think either way until it is proved. As I suppose it must be, shortly. Let it rest till then."

"No, Mr. Jan, I differ from you. It is a question that ought to be sought out and probed; not left to rest. Does Sibylla know it?"

"Not she. Who'd tell her? Lionel won't, I know. It was for her sake that he bound me to silence."

"She ought to be told, Mr. Jan. She ought to leave her husband—I mean Mr. Lionel—this very hour, and shut herself up until the doubt is settled."

"Where should she shut herself?" inquired Jan, opening his eyes. "In a convent? Law, Miss Deb! If somebody came and told me I had got two wives, should you say I ought to make a start for the nearest monastery? How would my patients get on?"

Rather metaphysical again. Miss Deb drew Jan back to plain details—to the histories of the various ghostly encounters. Jan talked and pounded; she sat on her hard seat and listened; her brain more perplexed than it could have been with any metaphysics, known to science. Eleven o'clock disturbed them, and Miss Deborah started as if she had been shot.

"How could I keep you till this time!" she exclaimed. "And you, scarcely in bed for some nights!"

"Never mind, Miss Deb," answered good-natured Jan. "It's all in the day's work."

He opened the door for her, and then bolted himself in for the night. For the night, that is, if Deerham would allow it to him. Hook's daughter was slowly progressing towards recovery, and Jan would not need to go to her.

Amilly was nodding over the fire, or, rather, where the fire had been, for it had gone out. She inquired with wonder what her sister had been doing, and where she had been. Deborah replied that she had been busy; and they went up-stairs to bed.

But not to sleep—for one of them. Deborah West lay awake through the live-long night, tossing from side to side in her perplexity and thought. Somewhat strict in her notions, she deemed it a matter of stern necessity, of positive duty, that Sibylla should retire, at anyrate for a time, from the scenes of busy life. To enable her to do this, the news must be broken to her. But how?

Ay, how? Deborah West rose in the morning with the difficulty unsolved. She supposed she must do it herself. She believed it was as much a duty laid upon her, the imparting these tidings to Sibylla, as the separating herself from all social ties, the instant it was so imparted, would be the duty of Sibylla herself. Deborah West went about her occupations that morning, one imperative sentence ever in her thoughts: "It must be done! it must be done."

She carried it about with her, ever saying it, through the whole day. She shrank, both for Sibylla's sake and her own, from the task she was imposing upon herself; and, as we all do when we have an unpleasant office to perform, she put it off to the last. Early in the morning she had said I will go to Verner's Pride after breakfast and tell her; breakfast over, she said I will have my dinner first and go then.

But the afternoon passed on, and she did not go. Every little trivial domestic duty was made an excuse for delaying it. Miss Amilly, finding her sister unusually bad company, went out to drink tea with some friends. The time came for ordering in tea at home, and still Deborah had not gone.

She made the tea and presided at the table. But she could eat nothing—to the inward gratification of Master Cheese. There happened to be shrimps, a dish which that gentleman preferred, if anything, to pickled herrings, and by Miss Deborah's want of appetite, he was able to secure her share and his own, including the heads and tails. He would uncommonly have liked to secure Jan's share also; but Miss Deborah filled a plate and put them aside against Jan came in. Jan's pressure of work caused him of late to be irregular at his meals.

Scarcely was the tea over, and Master Cheese gone, when Mr. Bourne called. Deborah, the one thought uppermost in her mind, closed the door, and spoke out what she had heard. The terrible fear, her own distress, Jan's belief that it was Fred himself, Jan's representation that Mr. Bourne also believed it. Mr. Bourne, leaning forward until his pale face and his iron-gray hair nearly touched hers, whispered in answer that he did not think there was a doubt of it.

Then Deborah did nerve herself to the task. On the departure of the vicar she started for Verner's Pride, and asked to see Sibylla. The servants would have shown her to the drawing-room, but she preferred to go up to Sibylla's chamber. The company were yet in the dining-room.

How long Sibylla kept her waiting there, she scarcely knew. Sibylla was not in the habit of putting herself to inconvenience for her sisters. The message was taken to her—that Miss West waited in her chamber—as she entered the drawing-room. And there Sibylla let her wait. One or two more messages to the same effect were subsequently delivered; they produced no impression, and Deborah began to think she should not get to see her that night.

But Sibylla came up at length, and Deborah entered upon her task. Whether she accomplished it clumsily, or whether Sibylla's ill-disciplined mind was wholly in fault, certain it is that there ensued a loud and unpleasant scene. The scene to which you were a witness. Scarcely giving herself time to take in more than the bare fact hinted at by Deborah—that her first husband was believed to be alive—not waiting to inquire a single particular, she burst out of the room and went shrieking down the stairs, flying into the arms of Lionel, who at that moment had entered.

Lionel could not speak comfort to her. Or, at the best, comfort of a most negative nature. He held her to him in the study, the door locked against intruders. They were somewhat at cross-purposes. Lionel supposed that the information had been imparted to her by Captain Cannonby; he never doubted but that she had been told Frederick Massingbird had returned and was on the scene; that he might come in any moment—even that very present one as they spoke—to put in his claim to her. Sibylla, on the contrary, did not think (what little she was capable of thinking) that Lionel had had previous information of the matter.

"What am I to do?" she cried her emotion becoming hysterical. "Oh, Lionel! don't you give me up!"

"I would have got here earlier had there been means," he soothingly said, wisely evading all answer to the last suggestion. "I feared he would be telling you in my absence: better that you should have heard it from me."

She lifted her face to look at him. "Then you know it!"

"I have known it this day or two. My journey to-day—"

She broke out into a most violent fit of emotion, shrieking, trembling, clinging to Lionel, calling out at the top of her voice that she would not leave him. All his efforts were directed to stilling the noise. He implored her to be tranquil; to remember there were listeners around: he pointed out that, until the blow actually fell, there was no necessity for those listeners to be made cognisant of it. All that he *could* do for her protection and comfort, he would do, he earnestly said. And Sibylla subsided into a softer mood and cried quietly.

"I'd rather die," she sobbed, "than have this disgrace brought upon me."

Lionel put her into the large arm-chair, which remained in the study still: the old arm-chair of Mr. Verner. He stood by her and held her hands, his pale face, grave, sad, loving, bent towards her with the most earnest sympathy. She lifted her eyes to it, whispering:

"Will they say you are not my husband?"

"Hush, Sibylla! There are moments, even yet, when I deceive myself into a fancy that it may be somehow averted. *I cannot* understand how he can be alive. Has Cannonby told you whence the error arose?"

She did not answer. She began to shake again; she tossed back her golden hair. Some blue ribbons had been wreathed in it for dinner: she pulled them out and threw them on the ground, her hair partially falling with their departure.

"I wish I could have some wine?"

He moved to the door to get it for her. "Don't you let *her* in, Lionel," she called out as he unlocked it.

"Who?"

"That Deborah. I hate her now," was the ungenerous remark.

Lionel opened the door, called to Tynn, and desired him to bring wine. "What time did Captain Cannonby get here?" he whispered, as he took it from the butler.

"Who, sir?" asked Tynn.

"Captain Cannonby."

Tynn paused, like one who does not understand. "There's no gentleman here of that name, sir. A Mr. Rushworth called to-day, and my mistress asked him to stay to dinner. He is in the drawing-room now. There is no other stranger."

"Has Captain Cannonby not been here at all?" reiterated Lionel. "He left London this morning to come."

Tynn shook his head to express a negative. "He has not arrived, sir."

Lionel went in again, his feelings undergoing a sort of revulsion, for there now peeped out a glimmer of hope. So long as the nearly certain conviction on Lionel's mind was not confirmed by positive testimony—as he expected Captain Cannonby's would be—he could not entirely lose sight of all hope. That he most fervently prayed the blow might not fall, might even now be averted, you will readily believe. Sibylla had not been to him the wife he had fondly hoped for; she provoked him every hour in the day; she appeared to do what she could, wilfully to estrange his affection. He was conscious of all this; he was all too conscious that his inmost love was another's not hers: but he lost sight of himself in anxiety for her; it was for her sake he prayed and hoped. Whether she was his wife by law, or not; whether she was loved or hated, Lionel's course of duty lay plain before him now: to shield her, so far as he might be allowed, in all care and tenderness. He would have shed his last drop of blood to promote her comfort: he would have sacrificed every feeling of his heart for her sake.

The wine in his hand, he turned into the room again. A change had taken place in her aspect. She had left the chair, and was standing against the wall opposite the door, her tears dried, her eyes unnaturally bright, her cheeks burning.

"Lionel," she uttered, a catching of the breath betraying her emotion, "if *he* is alive, whose is Verner's Pride?"

"His," replied Lionel, in a low tone.

She shrieked out, very much after the manner of a petulant child.

"I won't leave it!—I won't leave Verner's Pride! You could not be so cruel as to wish me. Who says he is alive? Lionel, I ask you who it is that says he is alive?"

"Hush, my dear! This excitement will do you a world of harm, and it cannot mend the matter, however it may be. I want to know who told you of this, Sibylla. I supposed it to be Cannonby: but Tynn says Cannonby has not been here."

The question appeared to divert her thoughts into another channel.

"Cannonby! What should bring him here? Did you expect him to come?"

"Drink your wine, and then I will tell you," he said, holding the glass towards her.

She pushed the wine from her capriciously. "I don't want wine now. I am hot. I should like some water."

"I will get it for you directly. Tell me, first of all, how you came to know of this?"

"Deborah told me. She sent for me out of the drawing-room where I was so happy, to tell me this horrid tale. Lionel"—sinking her voice again to a whisper—"is—he—here?"

"I cannot tell you—"

"But you must tell me," she passionately interrupted. "I will know. I have a right to know it, Lionel."

"When I say I cannot tell you, Sibylla, I mean that I cannot tell you with any certainty. I will tell you all I do know. Some one is in the neighborhood who bears a great resemblance to him. He is seen sometimes at night: and—and—I have other testimony that he has returned from Australia."

"What will be done if he comes here?"

Lionel was silent.

"Shall you fight him?"

"Fight him!" echoed Lionel. "No."

"You will give up Verner's Pride without a struggle! You will give up me! Then, are you a coward, Lionel Verner?"

"You know that I would give up neither willingly, Sibylla."

Grievously pained was his tone as he replied to her. She was meeting this as she did most other things—without sense or reason; not as a thinking, rational being. Her manner was loud, her emotion violent: but, deep and true, her grief was *not*. Depth of feeling, truth of nature, were qualities that never yet had place in Sibylla Verner. Not once, throughout all their married life, had Lionel been so painfully impressed with the fact as he was now.

"Am I to die for the want of that water?" she resumed. "If you don't get it for me I shall ring for the servants to bring it."

He opened the door again without a word. He knew quite well that she had thrown in that little shaft about ringing for the servants, because it would not be pleasant to him that the servants should intrude upon them then. Outside the door, about to knock at it, was Deborah West.

"I must go home," she whispered. "Mr. Verner, how sadly she is meeting this!"

The very thought that was in Lionel's heart. But, not to another would he cast a shade of reflection on his wife.

"It is a terrible thing for any one to meet," he answered. "I could have wished, Miss West, that you had not imparted it to her.—Better that I should have done it, when it must have been done."

"I did it from a good motive," was the reply of Deborah, who was looking sadly down-hearted, and had evidently been crying. "She ought to leave you until some certainty is arrived at."

"Nonsense! No," said Lionel. "I beg you—I *beg* you, Miss West, not to say anything more that can distress or disturb her. If the—the—explosion comes, of course it must come; and we must all meet it as we best may, and see then what is best to be done."

"But it is not right that she should remain with you in this uncertainty," urged Deborah, who could be obstinate when she thought she had cause. "The world will not deem it to be right. You should remember this."

"I do not act to please the world. I am responsible to God and my conscience."

"Responsible to— Good gracious, Mr. Verner!" returned Deborah, every line in her face expressing astonishment. "You call keeping her with you acting as a responsible man ought! If Sibylla's husband is living, you must put her away from your side."

"When the time shall come. Until then, my duty—as I judge it—is to keep her by my side, to shelter her from harm and annoyance, petty as well as great."

"You deem *that* your duty!"

"I do," he firmly answered. "My duty to her and to God."

Deborah shook her head and her hands.

"It ought not to be let go on," she said, moving nearer to the study-door. "I shall urge the leaving you upon her."

Lionel calmly laid his hand upon the lock.

"Pardon me, Miss West. I cannot allow my wife to be subjected to it."

"But if she is not your wife?"

A streak of red came into his pale face.

"It has yet to be proved that she is not.—Until that time shall come, Miss West, she *is* my wife, and I shall protect her as such."

"You will not let me see her?" asked Deborah, for his hand was not lifted from the handle.

"No. Not if your object be the motive you avow. Sleep a night upon it, Miss West, and see if you do not change your mode of thinking and come over to mine. Return here in the morning with words of love and comfort for her, and none will welcome you more sincerely than I."

"Answer me one thing, Mr. Verner. Do you believe in your heart that Frederick Massingbird is alive and has returned?"

"Unfortunately I have no resource but to believe it," he replied.

"Then, to your way of thinking, I can never come," returned Deborah, in some agitation. "It is just sin, Mr. Verner, in the sight of Heaven."

"I think not," he quietly answered. "I am content to let Heaven judge me, and the motives that actuate me: a judgment more merciful than man's."

Deborah West, in her conscientious, but severe rectitude, turned to the hall door and departed, her hands uplifted still.

Lionel ordered Tynn to attend Miss West home. He then procured some water for his wife and carried it in, as he had previously carried in the wine.

A fruitless service. Sibylla rejected it. She wanted neither water nor anything else, were all the thanks Lionel received, querulously spoken. He laid the glass upon the table: and, sitting down by her side in all patience, he set himself to the work of soothing her, gently and lovingly as though she had been what she was showing herself—a wayward child.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TYNN PUMPED DRY.

Miss West and Tynn proceeded on their way. The side path was dirty, and she chose the middle of the road, Tynn walking a step behind her. Deborah was of an affable nature, Tynn a long attached and valued servant, and she chatted with him familiarly. Deborah, in her simple good heart, could not have been brought to understand why she should not chat with him. Because he was a servant and she a lady, she thought there was only the more reason why she should, that the man might not be unpleasantly reminded of the social distinction between them.

She pressed down, so far as she could, the heavy affliction that was weighing upon her mind. She spoke of the weather, the harvest, of Mrs. Bitterworth's recent dangerous attack, of other trifling topics patent at the moment to Deerham.

Tynn chatted in his turn, never losing his respect of words and manner: a servant worth anything never does. Thus they progressed towards the village, utterly unconscious that a pair of eager eyes were following, and an evil tongue was casting anathemas towards them.

The owner of the eyes and tongue was wanting to hold a few words of private colloquy with Tynn. Could Tynn have seen right round the corner of the pillar of the outer gate when he went out, he would have detected the man waiting there in ambush. It was Giles Roy. Roy was aware that Tynn sometimes attended departing visitors to the outer gate. Roy had come up, hoping that he might so attend them on this night. Tynn did appear, with Miss West, and Roy began to hug himself that fortune had so far favored him: but when he saw that Tynn departed with the lady, instead of only standing politely to watch her off, Roy growled out vengeance against the unconscious offenders.

"He's a-going to see her home belike," snarled Roy, in soliloquy, following them with angry eyes and slow footsteps.

"I must wait till he comes back—and be shot to both of 'em!"

Tynn left Miss West at her own door, declining the invitation to go in and take a bit of supper with the maids, or a glass of beer. He was trudging back again, his arms behind his back, and wishing himself at home, for Tynn, fat and of short breath, did not like much walking, when, in a lonely part of the road, he came upon a man sitting astride upon a gate.

"Halloa! is that you, Mr. Tynn? Who'd ha' thought of seeing you out to-night?"

For it was Mr. Roy's wish, from private motives of his own, that Tynn should not know he had been looked for, but should believe the encounter to be accidental.

Tynn turned off the road and leaned his elbow upon the gate, rather glad of the opportunity to stand a minute and get his breath. It was somewhat up-hill to Verner's Pride, the whole of the way from Deerham.

"Are you sitting here for pleasure?" asked he of Roy.

"I'm sitting here for grief," returned Roy; and Tynn was not sharp enough to detect the hollow falseness of his tone. "I had to go up the road to-night on a matter of business, and, walking back by Verner's Pride, it so overcome me that I was glad to bring myself to a anchor."

"How should walking by Verner's Pride overcome you?" demanded Tynn.

"Well," said Roy, "it was the thoughts of poor Mr. and Mrs. Verner did it. He didn't behave to me over liberal in turning me from the place I'd held so long under his uncle, but I've overgot that smart; it's past and gone. My heart bleeds for him now, and that's the truth."

For Roy's heard to "bleed" for any fellow-creature was a marvel that even Tynn, unsuspicious as he was, could not take in. Mrs. Tynn repeatedly assured him that he had been born into the world with one sole quality—credulity. Certainly Tynn was unusually inclined to put faith in fair outsides. Not that Roy could boast much of the latter advantage.

"What's the matter with Mr. Verner?" he asked of Roy.

Roy groaned dismally.

"It's a thing that is come to my knowledge," said he, "a awful misfortin that is a-going to drop upon him. I'd not say a word to another soul but you, Mr. Tynn; but you be his friend if anybody be, and I feel that I must either speak or bust."

Tynn peered at Roy's face. As much as he could see of it, for the night was not a clear one.

"It seems quite a providence that I happened to meet you," went on Roy, as if any meeting with the butler had been as far from his thoughts as an encounter with somebody at the North Pole. "Things does turn out lucky sometimes."

"I must be getting home," interposed Tynn. "If you have anything to say to me, Roy, you had better say it. I may be wanted."

Roy—who was standing now, his elbow leaning on the gate—brought his face nearer to Tynn's. Tynn was also leaning on the gate.

"Have you heered of this ghost that's said to be walking about Deerham?" he asked, lowering his voice to a whisper.—"Have you heered whose they say it is?"

Now, Tynn had heard. All the retainers, male and female, at Verner's Pride had heard. And Tynn, though not much inclined to give credence to ghosts in a general way, had felt somewhat uneasy at the tale. More on his mistress's account than on any other score: for Tynn had the sense to know that such a report could not be pleasing to Mrs. Verner, should it reach her ears.

"I can't think why they do say it," replied Tynn, answering the man's concluding question. "For my part, I don't believe there's anything in it. I don't believe in ghosts."

"Neither didn't a good many more, till now that they have got orakelar demonstration of it," returned Roy. "Dan Duff see it, and a'most lost his senses; that girl of Hook's see it, and you know, I suppose, what it did for *her;* Broom see it; the parson see it; old Frost see it; and lots more. Not one on 'em but 'ud take their Bible oath, if put to it, that it is Fred Massingbird's ghost."

"But it is not," said Tynn. "It can't be. Leastways I'll never believe it till I see it with my own eyes. There'd be no reason in its coming now. If it had wanted to come at all, why didn't it come when it was first buried, and not wait till over two years had gone by?"

"That's the point that I stuck at," was Roy's answer. "When my wife come home with the tales, day after day, that Fred Massingbird's spirit was walking,—that this person had seen it, and that person had seen it—'Yah! Rubbish!' I says to her. 'If his ghost had been a-coming, it 'ud have come afore now.' And so it would."

"Of course," assented Tynn. "*If* it had been coming. But I have not lived to these years to believe in ghosts at last."

"Then what do you think of the parson, Mr. Tynn?" continued Roy, in a strangely significant tone. "And Broom—he have got his senses about him? How d'ye account for their believing it?"

"I have not heard them say that they do believe it," responded Tynn, with a knowing nod. "Folks may go about and say that I believe it, perhaps: but that wouldn't make it any nearer the fact. And what has all this to do with Mr. Verner?"

"I am coming to it," said Roy. He took a step backward, looked carefully up and down the road, lest listeners might be in ambush; stretched his neck forward and in a like manner surveyed the field on either side of the hedge. Apparently it satisfied him, and he resumed his close proximity to Tynn and his meaning whisper. "Can't you guess the riddle, Mr. Tynn?"

"I can't in the least guess what you mean, or what you are driving at," was Tynn's response. "I think you must have been having a drop of drink, Roy. I ask what this is to my master, Mr. Verner?"

"Drink be bothered! I've not had a sup inside my mouth since mid-day," was Roy's retort. "This secret has been enough drink for me, and meat, too. You'll keep counsel, if I tell it you, Mr. Tynn? Not but what it must soon come out."

"Well?" returned Tynn, in some surprise.

"It's Fred Massingbird fast enough. But it's not his ghost."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Tynn, never for a moment glancing at the fact of what Roy tried to imply.

"*He* is come back: Frederick Massingbird. He didn't die over there."

A pause, devoted by Tynn to staring and thinking. When the full sense of the words broke upon him, he staggered a step or two away from the ex-bailiff.

"Heaven help us if it's true!" he uttered. "Roy! it *can't* be!"

"It *is*," said Roy.

They stood looking at each other by starlight. Tynn's face had grown hot and wet, and he wiped it.

"It can't be," he mechanically repeated.

"I tell you it *is*, Mr. Tynn. Now, never you mind asking me how I came to the bottom of it," went on Roy, in a sort of defiant tone. "I did come to the bottom of it, and I do know it: and Mr. Fred, he knows that I know it. It's as sure that he is back, and in the neighborhood, as that you and me is here at this gate. He is alive, and he is among us—as certain as that you are Mr. Tynn and I be Giles Roy."

There came flashing over Tynn's thoughts the scene of that very evening. His mistress's shrieks and agitation when she broke from Miss West; her cries and sobs which had penetrated to their ears when she was shut afterwards in the study with her husband.—The unusual scene had been good for gossipping comment among the servants: and Tynn had believed something distressing had occurred. Not this; he had never glanced a suspicion at this. He remembered the lines of pain which shone out at the moment from his master's pale face, in spite of its impassiveness: and somehow that very face brought conviction to Tynn now, that Roy's news was true. Tynn let his arms fall on the gate again with a groan.

"What ever will become of my poor mistress?" he uttered.

"She!" slightingly returned Roy. "She'll be better off than him."

"Better off than who?"

"Than Mr. Verner. She needn't leave Verner's Pride. He must."

To expect any ideas but coarse ones from Roy, Tynn could not. But his attention was caught by the last suggestion.

"Leave Verner's Pride?" slowly repeated Tynn. "Must he?—good heavens; must my master be turned from Verner's Pride?"

"Where'll be the help for it?" asked Roy, in a confidential tone. "I tell you, Mr. Tynn, my heart's been a-bleeding for him ever since I heard it. *I* don't see no help for his turning out. I have been a-turning it over and over in my mind, and I don't see none. Do you?"

Tynn looked very blank. He was feeling so. He made no answer, and Roy continued, blandly confidential still.

"If that there codicil that was so much talked on, hadn't been lost, he'd have been all right, would Mr. Verner. No come-to-life again Fred Massingbird needn't have tried at turning him out. Couldn't it be hunted for again, Mr. Tynn?"

Roy turned the tail of his eye on Tynn.—Would his pumping take effect? Mrs. Tynn would have told him that her husband might be pumped dry, and never know it.—She was not far wrong. Unsuspicious Tynn went headlong into the snare.

"Where would be the good of hunting for it again—when every conceivable place was hunted for it before?" he asked.

"Well, it was a curious thing, that codicil," remarked Roy. "Has it *never* been heered on?"

Tynn shook his head.

"Never at all. What an awful thing this is, if it's true!"

"It is true, I tell ye," said Roy. "You needn't doubt it. There was a report a short while agone that the codicil had been found, and Matlas had got it in safe keeping. As I sat here, afore you come up, I was thinking how well it 'ud have served Mr. Verner's turn just now, if it *was* true."

"It is not true," said Tynn. "All sorts of reports get about. The codicil has never been found and never been heard of."

"What a pity!" groaned Roy, with a deep sigh. "I'm glad I've told you, Mr. Tynn!—It's a heavy secret for a man to carry about inside of him. I must be going."

"So must I," said Tynn. "Roy, are you sure there's no mistake?" he added. "It seems a tale next to impossible."

"Well, now," said Roy, "I see you don't half believe me. You must wait a few days, and see what them days 'll bring forth. That Mr. Massingbird's back from Australia, I'll take my oath to. *I* didn't believe it at first: and when young Duff was a going on about the porkypine, I shook him, I did, for a little lying rascal. I know better now."

"But how do you know it?" debated Tynn.

"Now, never you mind. It's my business, I say, and nobody else's. You just wait a day or two, that's all, Mr. Tynn. I declare I am glad to have met with you to-night, and exchanged this intercourse of opinions, as if anybody had counted me out a bag o' gold."

"Well, good night, Roy," concluded Tynn, turning his steps towards Verner's Pride. "I wish I had been a hundred miles off, I know, before I had heard it."

Roy slipped over the gate; and there, out of sight, he executed a kind of triumphant dance.

"Then there is no codicil!" cried he. "I thought I could wile it out of him! That Tynn's as easy to be run out as is glass when it's hot."

And, putting his best leg forward, he made his way as fast as he could make it towards his home.

Tynn made *his* way towards Verner's Pride. But not fast. The information he had received filled his mind with the saddest trouble, and reduced his steps to slowness. When any great calamity falls suddenly upon us, or the dread of any great calamity, our first natural thought is, how it may be mitigated or averted. It was the thought that occurred to Tynn. The first shock over, digested, as may be said, Tynn began to deliberate whether he could do anything to help his master in the strait; and he went along, turning all sorts of suggestions over in his mind. Much as Sibylla was disliked by the old servants—and she had contrived to make herself very much disliked by them all—Tynn could not help feeling warmly the blow that was about to burst upon her head. Was there anything earthly he could do to avert it?—to help her or his master?

He did not doubt the information. Roy was not a particularly reliable person; but Tynn could not doubt that this was true. It was the most feasible solution of the ghost story, agitating Deerham; the only solution of it, Tynn grew to think. If Frederick Massingbird—

Tynn's reflections came to a halt. Vaulting over a gate on the other side of the road; the very gate through which poor Rachel Frost had glided, the night of her death, to avoid meeting Frederick Massingbird and Sibylla West; was a tall man. He came straight across the road, in front of Tynn, and passed through a gap of the hedge, on to the grounds of Verner's Pride.

But what made Tynn stand transfixed, as if he had been changed into a statue? What brought a cold chill to his heart, a heat to his brow? Why, as the man passed him, he turned his face full on Tynn; disclosing the features, the white, whiskerless cheek, with the black mark upon it, of Frederick Massingbird. Recovering himself as he best could, Tynn walked on, and gained the house.

Mrs. Verner had gone to her room. Mr. Verner was mixing with his guests. Some of the gentlemen were on the terrace smoking, and Tynn made his way on to it, hoping he might get a minute's interview with his master. The impression upon Tynn's mind was, that Frederick Massingbird was coming, there and then, to invade Verner's Pride: it appeared to Tynn to be his duty to impart what he had heard and seen, at once to Mr. Verner.

Circumstances favored him. Lionel had been talking with Mr. Gordon at the far end of the terrace, but the latter was called to from the drawing-room windows, and departed in answer to it. Tynn seized the opportunity: his master was alone.

Quite alone. He was leaning over the outer balustrade of the terrace, apparently looking forth in the night obscurity on his own lands, stretched out before him. "Master!" whispered Tynn, forgetting ceremony in the moment's absorbing agitation, in the terrible calamity that was about to fall, "I have had an awful secret made known to me to-night. I must tell it you, sir."

"I know it, already, Tynn," was the quiet response of Lionel.

Then Tynn told—told all he had heard, and how he had heard it; told how he had just *seen* Frederick Massingbird. Lionel started from the balustrade.

"Tynn! You saw him! Now?"

"Not five minutes ago, sir. He came right on to these grounds through the gap in the hedge. Oh, master! what will be done?" and the man's voice rose to a wail in its anguish. "He may be coming on now to put in his claim to Verner's Pride; to—to—to—all that's in it!"

But that Lionel was nerved to self-control, he might have answered with another wail of anguish. His mind filled up the gap of words, that the delicacy of Tynn would not speak. "He may be coming to claim Sibylla."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"THE DEVIL'S BRAND."—"I have heard of Rowland Hill," says the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, "that he began his sermon one morning by saying, 'My friends, the other day I was going down the street, and I saw a drove of pigs following a man. This excited my curiosity so much that I determined to follow them. I did so, and, to my great surprise, I saw that they followed the man into a slaughter-house. I was anxious to know how this was brought about, and I said to the man, "My friend, how did you manage to induce those pigs to follow you here?" "Oh, did you not see?" said the man; "I had a basket of beans under my arm, and I dropped a few as I came along, and so they followed me." Yes,' said the preacher, 'and I thought, So it is; the devil has his basket of beans under his arm, and he drops them as he goes along, and what multitudes he induces to follow him to an everlasting slaughter house!' Yes, friends, and all your broad and crowded thoroughfares are strewn with these beans of the devil."

SINGULAR CUSTOM.—At Munich there prevails a singular custom. Every child found begging in the streets is arrested and carried to a charitable establishment. The moment he enters the hospital, and before he is cleaned and gets the new clothes intended for him, his portrait is painted in his ragged dress, and precisely as he was found begging. When his education is finished in the hospital, this portrait is given to him, and he promises by an oath to keep it all his life, in order that he may be reminded of the abject condition from which he had been rescued, and of the obligations he owes to the institution which saved him from misery and gave him the means by which he was enabled to avoid it in future.

☞ THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD.—The room for improvement.

THE WHITE HAT.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PRESENT WAR.

"You see," said the sergeant, "the redoubt nearest to us was on the hill to the right, and in front of Fort Donelson. It was only an earthwork, but pretty well built, and protected by some tolerable heavy guns on that side of the fort.

"My regiment held a very good position in a sort of corner made by a hill and a small wood. We could hide among the trees somewhat, and pick off the artillerymen in the redoubt whenever they showed themselves. That's why we were stationed there; we were sharp-shooters, you know, and had first-rate rifles.

"There was some pretty sharp shots on t'other side, too. Some of those Mississippi and Arkansas fellows are regular devils at shooting straight, and it wasn't safe for us to cut any capers in plain sight of them.

"My captain was killed by one of them.—He was a hair-brained chap, was Morrison, and seemed to put himself in the way of danger, rather than not. The gold stripes on his trowsers and cap made him a good mark, and when he went down the hill to a little clump of bushes to see about posting our two howitzers there, so we could shell the redoubt, I judged likely he wouldn't come back.

"He didn't. Our first lieutenant and five men went down and brought his body in when the enemy let up a bit; and I noticed he was hit in the head. It was good shooting, sir, at long range. There ar'n't many who can hit a man at all a quarter of a mile off; much less hit his head; and I don't doubt the fellow aimed just where he hit.

"We held that position through nearly the whole fight. The sortie that drove McClernand back and took Schwartz's Battery, was not in our direction. That was on the other side, along the road, to our left. When the reinforcements came and helped McClernand, we joined in, and followed the rebels as they retreated, till we took the redoubt.

"Fighting so long from one position, we got pretty well acquainted with the enemy. There was only a few who dared show themselves much on the outside of the out-work toward us. They were the crack shots and only showed their heads long enough to take aim and fire.

"The best among them was a man with a white hat—one of those tall white felt hats, you know, that country fellows wear. He had a red ribbon tied round it, and it made a tip-top mark. But he was cunning as a weazel. He'd set the hat up on his ramrod, just over the edge of the breast-work, and go off a few yard's from it to fire if one of our fellows went out to shoot the hat, supposing the hat had a head in it, and a bullet would come whistling mighty close—close enough to make a hole sometimes!—and old white hat would jump up, wave his arms and yell so you could have heard him a mile.

"There were about twenty of us who were called the best riflemen of the regiment. I hope you won't think I'm bragging, sir, when I say I was one of them. I've done some deer and turkey shooting in my time, down on the Mississippi; have handled a rifle ever since I was big enough to lift one.

'Well, we all had a crack at this fellow with the white hat, over and over again, but somehow we couldn't hit him. We scared him, though. I saw his hat come up above the parapet, and knew it was on the ramrod again; so says I to Janers, one of my men,—

"'Janers, you shoot at that, but keep covered, and then when he rises I'll fetch him.'

"So Janers blazed away at the tile, but like a fool he went right out on the hill to do it. We could see a little whiff of smoke about a rod from the hat, and up jumped the rascal, yelling and dancing like mad. I let drive at him, but just as I was getting my sight, poor Janers staggered back, shot through the stomach, and fell over, right at my feet.—That unsteadied my aim a little, and I missed; but I reckon the pill must have come mighty close, for white hat didn't show himself so much afterward.

"I suppose he killed as many as eight of our crack shots at one time and another. It made us mad, I can tell you; but he seemed to be bewitched, somehow, so that we couldn't hit him.

"At last one of our lieutenants came along and asked what we were doing, all huddled together that way. I told him, and he laughed.

"'Can't hit him, hey?' says he; 'well, I don't think much of your shooting.'

"Just then white hat showed himself a second.

"'There!' says the lieutenant, 'why didn't you fix him then? You've got to be spry, that's all.'

"'It's a pretty long range, sir,' said I.

"I was a little nettled at the way he spoke, for I thought I'd made some very fair shots; and then again, I never had liked him much. He was a dandified fellow, with curly hair, and always had his chin shaved clean, and his moustaches waxed, and a new uniform, and patent-leather boots and clean gloves, no matter how ragged and dirty the men were. He was only a second lieutenant, but was rich, and I always thought he wanted to put on airs.

"'Yes,' said he, 'it is a good looking shot, but some of you ought to make it out. Now suppose I try myself? Who'll lend me his gun?'

"I picked up poor Janers's rifle and handed it to him. 'You can have that to keep,' says I, 'if you want it. The owner 'll never call for it, sir.'

"He smiled, but looked sort of sorrowful, and examined the sights like a man who'd seen a rifle before, anyway.

"'Scuse I load it for you, sir,' says I a little impudently; 'you'll soil your gloves.'

"He didn't answer me, but did better. He pulled off his gloves—nice washed leather ones, white and clean as they could be—and handed them to me to hold, like I'd been his servant, while he loaded the rifle. That stopped my mouth.

"When he'd got the piece loaded and capped, very carefully he went right out where Janers had stood when he was hit. Thinks I, there's a bad go for the tailors and bootmakers! A bullet kicked up the dust within three feet of him; but he kept stepping round so that nobody could have drawn a bead on him to save his life; while he looked sharp for the man with the white hat through a fancy double-barrelled field-glass.

"Directly he dropped on one knee, let the glass swing on its strap, raised the rifle, and fired. It took about two seconds.

"He came back to the place where I stood, between the trees, and looked for some time through the glass again.

"I didn't like to believe that he had succeeded; but couldn't judge very well then, for the rebels came pouring out of the fort within a few moments, something like ten thousand strong, and tried to cut their way through our lines to the left. Our troops were driven off, as you know, sir, nearly half a mile, and had to be re-inforced before they could make a stand. When they did the rebels began to retreat in their turn, and our troops to follow. My regiment was ordered to join in this pursuit, and we had a place near the head of the column. The rebels fought mighty well there; but we fought better, and after standing their ground, falling back only an inch at a time, for about two hours, we got them fairly in motion.

"The further we drove them the faster they went; and when their ranks broke we gave them a good dose, I tell you. We took back Schwartz's Battery, and turned it upon them. That started them on a run, and it became a route.

"Some officers, more plucky than the rest, wanted to make a stand at the redoubt, when they got to it; but we crowded them a little too hard, and they didn't feel safe outside of Donelson. It was a bayonet charge that rushed them from the outwork; they don't like bayonet charges.

"As I was forward with my regiment near the van, I was among the first to enter the redoubt. We ran up the Stars and Stripes as quick as we could, and Lord! you ought to have heard the cheering that came from everybody in sight of the flag!

"The next thing, of course, was to turn the guns of this outwork upon Donelson, and I went at it with a squad of men. While I was overseeing the job somebody touched me on the shoulder. I looked around, and saw my popinjay lieutenant, with a fine, white handkerchief tied round his head, to cover a big, ugly sabre cut on his forehead.

"'Holle, sir!' says I; 'the scoundrels have spoiled your face!'

"'Bah!' says he, 'you don't think I'll ever be sorry to show that, do you? Come here a minute.'

"He started off to the parapet, and I followed him to an angle, where a poor devil lay flat on his face.

"'Do you see that?' asked the lieutenant.'

"I looked, and saw that the dead man had a hole in his jacket just back of his shoulder, in one hand he held a white hat with a red band around it, and in the other a ramrod. The lieutenant's bullet had taken him just where he said—under the shoulder blade.

"'I'll take that hat for a trophy,' says the lieutenant. He picked it up and counted the holes in it. They were 38. 'We all of us did some pretty good shooting, sergeant,' says he."

GENTLY! GENTLY!

Among the wounded lately brought to one of our wharves, was a young soldier whose limbs were fearfully shattered. Though evidently in intense pain, he uttered no cry, but, as the carriers raised the "stretcher" he was on, whispered, "Gently! gently!"

Though he neither sighs nor groans,
Death is busy with his bones;
Bear him o'er the jutting stones
Gently! gently!

Sisters, faithful to your vow,
Swathe his limbs and cool his brow;
Peace! his soul is passing now
Gently! gently!

He has fallen in the strife!
Tell it to his widowed wife,
And to her who gave him life,
Gently! gently!

Loudly praise the brave who gem
With their blood our diadem;
And their faults—oh, speak of *them*
Gently! gently!

SORGHUM SYRUP MANUFACTURE.—We learn from the Prairie Farmer that thirty barrels of sorghum syrup are now daily manufactured at Loda, about 100 miles south of Chicago. Two sets of 30-inch rollers are used for crushing the cane, and they crush at the rate of 24 acres of stalks in 24 hours. The juice runs from the crushing-mills through strainers into a tank, from which it is forced by a pump to the top of the building, and from thence it passes down into clarifiers, which are heated with steam. About 400 gallons of juice are received at once into a clarifier, and some lime water is mixed with it to prevent it from becoming acidulized. The scum is taken off frequently while the juice is kept in a heated condition, and when it becomes clear it is drawn off into another tank, allowed to settle for a short space of time, then run into evaporating pans, and concentrated to 36 deg. Baume. After this it is drawn off into iron coolers, and subsequently put into barrels for transportation. About 40 persons are employed in the establishment, in two gangs for day and night work. It requires over 20 teams daily to draw the cane from the field to the manufactory. All this juice is sent to be refined in Chicago. Some cane yields far more juice than others; the yield is stated to vary from 80 to 200 gallons per acre.

☞ "This is one of the great days of the world," said General Hooker to the intrepid Berry, as he rode by on the morning of the battle of Antietam. "The southern rebellion lies coiled up in that valley, and it should be to-night in our power!"

THOROUGHFARE GAP.

A letter-writer who accompanied General Stahl's command on the late reconnoissance to Thoroughfare Gap, says:—

There are not any Gaps in the Virginia mountains more wonderful than the Thoroughfare. The immense Bull Run Mountain seems cleft in twain as if by some mighty power. The way is scarcely wide enough to admit of the passage of a wagon. To an immense height, on each side, rise huge piles of limestone rocks, from whose crevices spring a thousand fountains, whose plashing upon the rocks beneath is echoed ten thousand times. Huge trees form an immense canopy in the heights, rising one above the other. The sun smiles but in few places in the dark passage. The bottom of the Gap is filled with rocks and mud, and it seems scarcely possible to a novice in mountain wonders that either horses or vehicles could pass the tortuous, rough and dark labyrinth. But it was done this morning. The advance guard, led by Stahl and Wyndham, is followed with the rush of artillery and horsemen. The occasional reflection from the bright brass twelve-pounders, and the tremendous rumbling of the wheels, tell us that they are rapidly passing through the awful defile. The clatter of thousands of hoofs and the clanking of the sabres echo with such force as to be painful to the ear. But onward press the gallant band; in a few moments the old flag emerges into the light of the sunlight, followed by a host of brave fellows, echoes of whose shouts burst forth with a stupendous roar from the depths of the Gap. The passage is made rapidly, and every one breathes freer as he thinks the usually cowardly enemy have not this time made the Gap a mighty tomb for many of them.

STRANGE ESCAPE FROM SUICIDE.

The following story, the London Times says, has been confirmed by M. Duroc, the Mayor of Pont aux-Anes, who is now in London:—"An inn-keeper at Pont-aux-Anes, driven to despair by the fanaticism of his wife and the interference of the priesthood, determined on suicide. Having more than once been thwarted in his, under the circumstances, not unnatural desire for self-destruction, he hit upon the following expedient to gratify his wishes:—He provided himself with a ladder, a rope, a pistol, a bottle of poison, and a box of lucifers. He then proceeded to the seashore. For a minute he wavered in his purpose, but, seeing his wife at a distance in conversation with a Jesuit, he muttered a short sentence and continued his dread course. Mounting a high rock by means of his ladder, he fastened the rope to a crag jutting over the sea. Spurning the ladder with his foot, it fell into the seething deep. Placing his head in a noose, he made assurance quadruply sure by simultaneously applying the various instruments of destruction. He first swallowed the poison, then set fire to his clothes, next fired the pistol into his mouth, and then threw himself from the rock. Providence, however, which loves to bring good out of evil, interfered. The bullet, passing through his cheek, cut the rope; falling into the sea the water extinguished the flames, while the brine, entering his stomach, caused it to yield the potion which in another moment would have pervaded his system. The man recovered his senses by the shock he underwent, swam to the shore, and returned to his home, where he now lives the laughing-stock of his friends, and the patient victim of his wife's devotion and of the Jesuit's exhortations."

SPEECH BY GENERAL MCCLELLAN.—General McClellan was serenaded on Thursday night, in New York, and is reported to have made the following speech in answer:—

"My friends—I thank you cordially for this spontaneous tribute of regard. I accept it not for myself, but for the Army of the Potomac which I once commanded, and in which you are so deeply interested. Every battle from Yorktown to Antietam has added new proofs of the courage and devotion of the citizen soldiers of New York, and has increased the debt of gratitude to them. No portion of our republic has more liberally given its millions of treasure and its thousands of men in the cause of our country than this great metropolis. At the commencement of the struggle no community was more prompt in responding to the appeal of the Government for aid. No community has a greater stake in the success of our cause than this—none is more closely bound by the ties of kindred to the army with which I have been so long associated. I, therefore, and my comrades with me, feel doubly honored by the occasion of this evening, and it is with a heart full to overflowing with gratitude that I thank you for your presence to-night. You know that I am still a soldier, and you will, therefore, expect no speech from me. You will, therefore, permit me to say good-night."

BORING FOR WATER.—A news letter from Corinth, Miss., says that in consequence of the scarcity of drinkable water in that neighborhood the authorities have been engaged in boring wells to furnish a supply. Three negroes, a mule, two or three pullies with their ropes and tackle, and the simple auger, can "sink" a well in a short time. The soil is so free from sand and gravel that there is no difficulty in the operation. An auger of three inches diameter is first used, and afterwards one of eight or nine inches, which is the final diameter of the well. The mule, harnessed to a huge clevis which encloses its body, and is fastened over its head to the end of a horizontal lever, raises the auger from the well by walking round in a huge circle, and thus winding the rope upon which the auger is suspended around an upright cylinder. When it is necessary to unwind, the driver gives the command, "halt!" and the mule stops, "turn!" and he turns in his tracks, the clevis being made so as to turn where it connects with the lever. When the boring is completed a tubing plank is put down to keep the wall from crumbling in. The water is then drawn by a long cylindrical bucket, open at the top, and having a valve at the bottom opening upward. Sufficient weight to sink it is attached to the bottom. As it sinks the water rushes in through the valve, which closes as soon as the bucket begins to be drawn up.

FRENCH RAILWAYS.—Napoleon III. deserves great credit for the sweeping changes he has made in the French railroads. Within ten years the number of miles in operation has been increased from 1,270 to 6,000. The average dividend is eight per cent., though some even pay twenty. At the end of ninety-nine years from 1852, they revert to the state, the shareholders having been meanwhile indemnified. The Westminster Review pronounces these works "the admiration and envy of the world." The Orleans railway introduced the custom of paying its work people a percentage on dividends, and in 1860, it paid out over $400,000 to its servants, besides twenty per cent. to its stockholders.

THE citizens of Cedar Falls, Iowa, have sent an agent to Cairo for the purpose of procuring a lot of "contrabands" for their town and neighborhood. A large number have been spoken for, and they will be brought free of expense to the persons taking them.

NEWS ITEMS.

PUNISHMENT OF RIOTERS.—At Ozzuko, Wis., the rioters who attempted to resist the draft, and destroyed several private residences, have been arrested, marched to the camp of the Twenty-seventh Regiment at Milwaukee, and, under the law of that state, entered for regular military service during the war.

MEETING OF THE EDITORS OF NEW JERSEY.—A meeting of the editors of the various papers in the state of New Jersey has been called at Temperance Hall, Trenton, on Thursday, December 4th, to take into consideration the rise in the prices of printing paper and printing material, and what course is best to adopt under the circumstances.

THE Jackson Mississippian says: "One of our exchanges in Louisiana comes to us printed on the inside of ordinary wall paper. The paper looks quite respectable on the printed inside, but upon opening it your eyes are greeted with all sorts of figures, and what printers' type never had any hand in stamping.

MAJOR-GENERALS OUT OF EMPLOY.—The following Major-Generals are now without a command:—George B. McClellan, John C. Fremont, Geo. Cadwalader, Edwin D. Morgan, Irwin McDowell, Cassius M. Clay, Ethan A. Hitchcock, Fitz John Porter. The veteran General Harney should also be added to the list.

A GREAT CROP.—Correspondents of the Department of Agriculture, conversant with the progress of Sorghum culture in this country, and qualified to judge accurately of this season's product, estimates the aggregate quantity of cane syrup at 40 000,000 gallons, and the area cultivated at 250,000 acres. In 1850, by the showing of the last census, the product was less than 8,000,000 gallons. If this estimate should prove correct, it is sufficient to supply more than half of the syrup and molasses demand of the United States.

THE REBELS CONCENTRATING.—Intelligence from Memphis says that the rebel Gen. Holmes has been ordered, with all his forces, into Mississippi, and that Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas are to be abandoned to the Union troops.

PACK MULES IN PLACE OF ARMY WAGONS.—It has been determined to replace the lumbering army wagons to a considerable extent with pack mules. This plan was partially adopted in Western Virginia by Gen. Rosecrans, and has given excellent results. The cavalry are to be supplied at once, and it is expected that its celerity of movement will be much increased. The wagons will only be used for the transportation of supplies in bulk. Four mules is the number commonly allotted to an army wagon under the most favorable circumstances as regards conditions of roads, and these mules can carry on their backs far more than they can drag in a wagon. This will be of great advantage to the army, and before long will be very generally adopted.

ANOTHER COTTON SUBSTITUTE.—A correspondent of the Leeds Mercury writes:—"The succulent root of the licorice tree, with its long tendrils, is, I conceive, furnished with a long and tough fibre, admirably adapted for the manufacture of fabrics suited to take the place of cotton. Its natural color is a pale yellow, and when the fibres are separated (an operation easily effected) they present an appearance strikingly resembling flax, and I have no doubt, when woven and bleached, would be of a quality much superior to the best cotton now offered in the market."

MANUFACTURES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A gentleman informs the Raleigh Journal, on reliable authority, that there is a factory within a hundred miles of Raleigh, representing a capital of nine thousand shares of one thousand dollars each, which has been and now is paying a dividend on each share of two thousand dollars every three months.

A TERRIFIC OFFENCE.—A sub lieutenant in the British navy has been found guilty, by court-martial, of having spoken to his commander while having his left hand in his pocket, and been "adjudged to be severely reprimanded, and admonished to be more careful in future."

THE Spanish Court, at Granada, has just concluded the trial of thirteen Protestants for distributing tracts and religious books. One of the prisoners was condemned to nine years' imprisonment; another for eight years! And all this transpires in the nineteenth century?

GEN. BRAGG informs the rebel government that but 1,500 Kentuckians joined him; that the people hesitated to take rebel money, and that he had to pay three prices for his supplies.

THERE is a rumor running through the Brazilian Department of the International Exhibition that a stone has been found which is larger than the Koh-i-noor and the Star of the South put together.

A FAMILY Bible has been published in which adjacent to the pages usually bound in the book for the registration of births, deaths, etc., are arranged in sheets any convenient number of card cases, such as contain the ordinary photographic albums, in which may be inserted the photographs of the different members of the family.

IN the United States Supreme Court at Washington, the black silk robes are abolished, the new members being averse to them, and at the next session the judges will sit in simple broadcloth.

REMARK by a city scavenger: "When dead horses and other garbage is left lyin' loose around a camp, the nooospaper reporter writes and says: 'Our army is again assuming the offensive.'"

AFFECTING proof of the depth of woman's love was witnessed at Canterbury, Connecticut recently at the funeral of Sergeant Charles Lewis, who was killed at Antietam. A young lady, Miss Hyde, to whom he was engaged, upon hearing of his death, was taken fatally sick and died in a few days, and was buried at the same time as her lover.

IN consequence of the increased prevalence of leprosy in the British West India colonies, the Duke of Newcastle has ordered an inquiry into the circumstances connected with the existence of the malady throughout all the colonies.

CRUELTY TO A WIFE.—On a petition for divorce it has been decided that unkind treatment that would justify divorce from a husband is this—"his conduct must be such as to show that the inward knot of marriage, which is peace and love, is untied, and that he exercises over his wife, not the mild and salutary authority of a husband, but a harsh and cruel tyranny."

STRENGTH OF GENERAL BURNSIDE'S ARMY.—A gentleman just from Virginia, states that the total number of rations issued daily to the army of Gen. Burnside is 240,000. This would go to show that he had an army of about 200,000 men.

SAVE THE RAGS.—When peddlers paid a cent and a half a pound, and that too in tin ware, for paper rags, there was little inducement for the housekeeper to save her scraps of cloth. But the times have changed, and rags are now worth at least five times as much in cash. Every prudent housekeeper should now save her rags, and even old newspapers, which have heretofore been used for kindling. The latter will readily sell for four cents and a half a pound.

WHILE a number of boys in Brooklyn, N. Y., were recently playing at that dangerous sport of throwing stones, a little girl passing at the moment, was struck and instantly killed. The boy who threw the stone will be tried for homicide.

The Defences of Philadelphia.

Last week, in the Council chamber, Mr. Wetherill, upon this subject, made some very direct remarks. The Committee on Defence and Protection, he said, has had the matter under consideration, and are fully aware of its importance. A sub-committee visited Washington a week ago to consult with the proper authorities upon the subject. The Secretary of the Navy informed the committee that he believes Philadelphia to be perfectly safe from any incursion by privateers from the sea; the distance, in the first place, was too great for any privateer to incur the risk of venturing up the river; should it do so it would never return. He stated he did not believe that any iron clad gun-boats could cross the Atlantic without the government having previously received timely notice of it, and thus be enabled to anticipate and prevent their attack upon any of our northern cities. He also said that the numerous vessels belonging to the navy, and used in the various blockades and elsewhere, were now requiring repairs, and in greater numbers than the few remaining navy yards can accommodate, and at every yard there are constantly several vessels awaiting repairs which can remain in commission, and which could be employed in the defence of the river or harbor in which the navy yard may be situated. That he had contemplated such employment of vessels at the different yards, and that he would contrive to direct such vessels at the Philadelphia yard to assist in the defence of the river, if necessary. He stated that he did not see the necessity of Philadelphia entering into contracts for iron-clad steamers, for by doing so competition would be created detrimental to the interests of the Government, as the factories for iron plates were all being employed to their full capacity.

The Secretary of War stated to the Committee that the Government was doing all in its power to protect Philadelphia, and that no assistance or co-operation was needed or desired from the city. That Gen. Totten, the chief engineer, had recently made a report to him on the defences of the Delaware river that was perfectly satisfactory to him, and he desired the Committee to report accordingly. Referred to the Committe on Defence.

A STORY FOR THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

A few weeks ago, in a flourishing town of India, a personage of considerable local importance had some property stolen from him, and he proceeded accordingly to discover the thief by the ordeal of the saucer. He took a brass saucer, pronounced over it words of potent magic, and weird sentences from the Koran, brought it to the door of his house, and then, in the presence of an excited multitude, gave it a push and set it rolling. It staggered a little at first, as if undecided in its proceedings, but soon took its course towards and down the main street of the town. On it rolled, upheld by divine power, untouched by human hands, and never faltered till it turned at a sharp angle down a lane, and stopped opposite a closed door. Still it did not fall, but remained poised on edge, while the attending crowd shouted to the inmates to undo the bolt. The owner himself came down, and no sooner had he opened the door than the saucer leaped up and fixed itself on his head. He fell on his knees, confessed the crime, and was brought up before the magistrates.

The most curious part of the story is to come. He was not guilty; the stolen property was recovered in another man's house, and the real thief was discovered. The first culprit declared that his confession was made under the influence of religious excitement and superstitious fear of magic; and by degrees the truth came out that the saucer had been pushed along by an accomplice of the real thief, and had never leaped on the man's head at all. The people, wishing to be deceived, were deceived. So much for the evidence of the supernatural, given by men who had no interest in lying. If human nature is so prone to prostrate itself blindly before fanciful marvels, those may well be excused who watch with jealousy even the puny roguery of astrologers, and the assistance which they are fortunate to receive from judicial or literary abettors.—*London Review.*

THE SEA SERPENT UTILIZED.—An exhibitor at the London exhibition professes to have in his possession a part of one of the alleged sea serpents so often described by navigators. The London News has the following respecting this gentleman and his rich prize: "Mr. Calslin asserts that the monster that has frightened mariners both young and ancient is nothing but a species of sea-weed, which, when forced to the surface in oceanic commotion, floats about in masses sometimes a thousand feet long, and, to a nautical imagination, presents the appearance of the sea-monster, which from the days of Bishop Pontoppidan down to the present has been the subject of so many marvellous descriptions. Mr. Gaislin, nothing daunted by the tradition, has boldly seized the leviathan, brought him to land, and having squeezed him into a substance called 'laminin,' has turned him into excellent handles for knives and razors, and put him to various other purposes to which gutta percha, India rubber, and, more commonly, German staghorn, have been hitherto employed. As the supply is inexhaustible, this laminite may turn out to be a very valuable contribution to the material of industrial art."

A CRISIS APPROACHING IN PRUSSIA.—Prussia is in peril of a revolution. In Berlin the people are highly incensed, and the unconstitutional conduct of the sovereign is discussed with great fury under the windows of the royal palace. Meetings of the electors have been held, but, hitherto, they have kept themselves within the limits of the law. One of the first acts was to propose a vote of thanks to the House of Commons for the patriotic spirit with which the representatives resisted the encroachments of the crown. This address has been signed in every part of the city, and the presumption is that the provinces will sympathize with this spirited movement in the capital. The next session will probably bring matters to a crisis.

THE new Turkish Ambassador at Paris brings seven wives with him. The French have christened them Mesdames Monday, Tuesday, &c.—a wife for each day.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts and stocks of Flour are on the increase, 7000 bbls having been taken, mostly for export, at $5,87½@6,37½ for low grade and good superfine; $6,75@7,25 for extras, the latter for Lancaster county; $7,00@7,12½ for North-Western extra family; $7,50@7,75 for Ohio do, and $8@8,50 for fancy do. The sales to the trade have been moderate within the same range of prices, and high grade brands continues scarce and in request at the latter rate. Rye Flour sold at $5,75@6 ₱ bbl, as in quality. City Mills is wanted at the latter rate. Corn Meal is firm at $3,50 for Penna, and but little offering. Of Brandywine a sale of 400 bbls was made at $4 ₱ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is firm and selling at $2@2,25 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The receipts have been fair, but the demand for Wheat, both for shipment and milling, has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and lower, with sales of 37,000 bus at $1,45@1,46, the latter for choice Penna reds, including prime amber at $1,52, Southern at $1,45, and white at $1,55@1,85, as in quality, the latter for handsome Kentucky, which is scarce. Rye is unsettled and lower, with sales of Penna at 95@98c, closing at 96c for prime and 90@91c for Southern. Corn is unchanged, with further sales of 40,000 bus at 72@74c for yellow, the latter for prime lots, afloat, 75c for Penna do, in store, and 73@75c for white, as in quality, including Western mixed at 68c. Oats are more active, and about 30 000 bus sold at 40@42c for Southern and 41@42c for Penna, as to weight, including some of the latter at 60c for 32 lbs. Barley and Malt continue scarce and high, with sales of 25,000 bus, mostly on terms kept private, and of the latter some sold at $1,55.

PROVISIONS—The stocks and receipts of the hog product generally are very light, but the demand is limited, and Mess Pork is quoted at $13@13,50, and Mess Beef at $12@15 ₱ bbl, the latter for city packed. Sales of 600 bbls of the former at $13@14, including 100 bbls extra heavy at $14, and Beef Rounds at $18. Bacon is selling in a small way, as wanted, at 9@11c for common and fancy Hams; 5½@5¾c for Shoulders, and 6@7c for Sides. Of green meats we hear of no sales to fix prices. Lard is more inquired for, but nearly nominal at 10@10½c for western bbls and tcs, and 10½@10¾c for kegs; country is selling at 9@10c. Butter continues active, with sales of roll at 18@22c, and packed at 14@21c, as in quality, the latter for choice dairies. Cheese is in steady demand at 10@11c ₱ lb. Eggs are better and worth 21c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been on the advance, and prices are 5@6c ₱ lb better, with more activity in the demand, sales reaching 600@700 bales within the range of 63@71c, cash.

ASHES are scarce and firm, and a small business doing in the way of sales.

BARK comes in slowly, and meets with a good demand at fully former rates, with further small receipts and sales of Quercitron at $37 for 1st No. 1. Tanners' Bark is firm.

BEESWAX is scarce, and selling as wanted at 40@42c ₱ lb, the latter for good Yellow.

CANDLES are firm, and rather more doing in Adamantine at 18@21c ₱ lb. No change in Sperm or Tallow Candles.

COAL is held with more firmness, the demand for most kinds being in advance of the supply, and prices tending upward both for shipment and home use. The cargo rates for Anthracite are $5,50@6 ₱ ton free on board.

COFFEE continues scarce and firm at the advance, the want of stock in first hands limiting operations to some 1800 bags, mostly Rio, at 30@32c, including Laguayra at 29@31c, and Java at 34c, cash and time.

COPPER is quiet and prices without change. Yellow Metal sells as wanted at 27c for sheets, and 28c for bolts, on time.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high, and prices range at 48@50c for western, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT continues dull and neglected, with a small business doing at $2@2,½ for green Apples, and $9@11 ₱ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Apples range at 4@5c, and unpared Peaches at 4@6c ₱ lb; the demand, however, is increasing.

HAY is firmer, with free sales at 65@80c the 100 lbs, as in quality.

HEMP is firmer, and rather more active, but the stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales.

HOPS are unchanged, and selling at 20@23c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is feverish, but rather quiet, and about 4000 tons Anthracite have been disposed of at $30@31 for No 1, the latter for spring delivery, including some No 2 and 3 at the former rate, and all on the usual credit; makers are very firm, and asking higher figures, and not disposed to contract at quotations; 100 tons Scotch Pig sold at $33, cash. Of manufactured the stock is light and prices tending upward.

LEAD—There is little or no stock here, and no sales of Pig, owing to the high views of holders, who are asking an advance.

LUMBER is in steady demand, with fair receipts and sales of white and yellow Pine Boards at $14@16. Laths are firmer, and $1,25 ₱ M has been offered and refused for large lots to arrive.

MOLASSES is scarce and high, with a few small sales to note at very full rates.

PLASTER is scarce, and soft is wanted at $3 ₱ ton.

RICE is firm, and the sales are in a small way only at 7½@8c ₱ lb for East India.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover-seed, and about 5000 bus sold at $6,12½@6,87½, including some at prices kept private, and 500 bus choice at $6,40 ₱ bus. Timothy is steady at $1,75@2,25, with sales of 1000 bus, mostly at the latter rate. Of Red Top 1000 sacks sold at $2 ₱ sack. Flaxseed is in request at $2,80@2,85 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are better, with rather more doing at the improvement. N E Rum sells slowly at 53@55c, as to lots. Whiskey continues dull and the sales limited at 40c for Ohio bbls, and 38c for drudge.

SUGARS continue scarce and firm at the advance, with a good demand both from the trade and the refiners; 400 hhds have been disposed of at 10@10¼c for Cuba, and 10¾@11¾c for New Orleans, mostly for the latter, on time.

TALLOW is inactive, City selling slowly at 11@11¼c, and Country at 10½@10¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO continues scarce and high, and the sales limited at very full rates.

WOOL is inactive, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limiting operations to some small lots, at 67@70c for low and medium grades; 60@65c for fine Fleece, and 70@75c for tub, net cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1545 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 8¾ cents ₱ lb. 80 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ₱ head. 2700 Sheep were sold at from $2,25 to 3,00 ₱ head. 4093 Hogs sold at $5,50 to 6,00 ₱ cwt.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. DAVID GRAUL, to Miss MARY C. STREEPER, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN W. SALTER, to Miss JULIET HINES, daughter of Addison Hines, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Dean I. Patterson, Mr. EVAN JONES, to Miss SALLIE BETTS, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. H. W. Ducachet, D. D., OLIVER B. STOCKTON, to Miss RACHEL, daughter of Bertles Shee, Esq.

On the 15th of Nov., 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. CHRISTOPHER H. STOW, to Miss ANNA E. HOFFMAN, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. CHARLES A. LAYMAN, to Miss MARY E. MILLIKAN, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Atwood, Mr. NICHOLAS T. SWAIN, of Cape Island, N. J. to Miss EMMA ROETHELL, of Tuckahoe, N. J.

On the 18th instant, at St. James's Church, Bristol, Pa., by the Rev. Dr. Spear, JOSEPH B. CRAIG, of this city, to EMMA C. LEIBERT, of the former place.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On 2d-day, 17th instant, MARY RICHARDS, in her 78th year.

On the 15th instant, GEORGE HARROW, in his 63d year.

On the 18th instant, Miss MARY MATTHEWS, in her 79th year.

On the 18th instant, ELIZABETH B. wife of J. C. Baker, aged 35 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE WALLING, in her 90th year.

On the 17th instant, AMELIA A. wife of Thos. Singley, in her 50th year.

On the 17th instant, Mr. WILLIAM HART, Sr. in his 75th year.

On the 16th instant, JANE ALCORN, in her 74th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ELLEN FLINT, wife of Henry Flint, aged 36 years.

On the 17th instant, ANNIE E. wife of Jas. S. Chambers, aged 23 years.

On the 15th instant, SAMUEL C. LEWIS, in his 34th year.

On the 14th instant, SUSAN B. wife of Captain Wm. Burton, aged 34 years.

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Wit and Humor.

THE MAIDEN'S WHISPER.

BY THE YOUTH WHO HEARD IT.

"Nay, be not contented to bury such charms
In a village, unseen and unknown;
Oh! leave your seclusion and fly to my arms—
Let me call you my dearest—my own.

"Oh! why should the gaze of those soft dreamy eyes,
That can melt into love with their beams,
Be wasted in watching the fields and the skies,
Or their lovely reflection in streams.

"Such delicate ears, too, and chiseled like those,
Must they wake to the low of the kine—
To the warble of larks—or the cawing of crows—
Or the squeak and the grunt of the swine?

"And oh! that a voice with its silvery ring,
And a liquid note-cadence like thine;
Must it ever be left in the wild wood to sing,
Or to call in the chickens to dine?

"Away then, dear maiden, and leave the green field
To the farmer, the flock, and the herd:
Only think what a time at your feet I have kneeled,
Then come, love, to town—like a bird."

So these were the words of the gay lover's strain,
And he finished his speech with a sigh;
While he stood on the platform awaiting the train,
And the maiden gushed forth her reply:

"Oh! Thomas, you've taken me quite by surprise,"
Here the down train approached, and he took
Her hand while she whispered, "I've soft dreamy eyes,
But I'm not *such a fool as I look!*"

PREACHING A PRACTICAL SERMON.

A number of years ago, Parson B——— preached in a town in the interior of this state. A sound theologian was Parson B———, as a published volume of his sermons evince; but like many clergymen of the past generation, he was too much given to preaching "doctrinal sermons," to the exclusion of practical themes; at least so thought one of his parishioners, Mr. C———.

"Mr. B———," said he one day to the clergyman, "we know all about the doctrine by this time. Why don't you sometimes preach a real practical discourse?"

"Oh, very well. If you wish it, I will do so. Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon."

Sunday morning came, and an unusually large audience, attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were in attendance.—The preliminary services were performed, and the parson announced his text. After "opening his subject" he said he should make a practical application to his hearers.

He then commenced at the head of the aisle, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointing out his special faults.

One was a little inclined to indulge in creature comforts; another was a terrible man at a bargain, and so on. While in mid-volley, the door of the church opened, and Dr. S——— entered.

"There," went on the parson, "there is Doctor S——— coming in, in the middle of services, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he can't get time to come to church in season, but it isn't so—he hasn't been called to visit a patient on a Sunday morning for these three months."

Thus went on the worthy clergyman. At last he came to Mr. C———, who had requested a practical sermon.

"And now," said he, "there is Mr. C———; he's a merchant—what does he do? Why he stays at home on Sunday afternoons and writes business letters. If he gets a lot of goods up from New York on Saturday night, he goes to the store and marks them on Sunday, so to have them all ready for sale on Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons; he wants practical ones."

At the conclusion of the services, the parson walked up to Mr. C——— and asked him how he liked the "practical sermon."

"Mr. B———," was the reply, "preach what you please after this. I'll never attempt to direct you again."

"JUST DROPPED IN."

A shadow passed our window, the door opened: looking up, we saw the form of Mrs. Partington before us.

"I've just dropped in," she said. Dropped in! and she weighs one hundred and fifty if she does an ounce. She held out her snuff-box as she said "Good-morning," filled with Rhode's Delectable.

Ike was by her side, and before we had time to prevent it, he had both arms stuck to the fly-paper on the desks before us.

"I've just dropped in to ask," she said, as we looked up inquiringly, "what sort of a crop the cessationists will be likely to get from planting cannon, that I see something about in the papers. I don't believe it will come up."

"Perhaps it may," we said, favoring the idea, "as we see many sprouts about in uniform that are evidently sons of guns, and if, as Mr. Field has said, a soldier's sire and grandsire may be a sword, why not a gun have its descendants?"

"May-be-so," said she, brightening up; "may-be-so; it isn't the most unlikely thing that never come to pass, and that may be why guns wear breeches. I declare that I never thought of that before."

☞ A farmer likes cold weather at the proper season, but an early frost in autumn goes against his grain.

SHORT CUTS.

Did you ever know a path across a level field to be straight, when formed by the feet of wayfarers alone? There is the opposite stile which you seek, there is nothing to turn you to the right hand or to the left, but your own swerving fancy; and that makes the field-path crooked, invariably. It seems as if no one could walk straight alone, nor indeed correct himself, once for all, when wrong. The moment he becomes conscious of a deviation from the true track, he leaves it again in the other direction. When the object to be reached is obvious, corrections are more frequently repeated. So it comes to pass that the fresh-stamped path over the mould is never straight, but a calendar of successive mistakes. Thus difficult it is to take the shortest cut. None but a ploughman can do so; and he can do little or nothing, except it be after long years of patient experience.

Walking the other day for some miles through fields, in which the track from gate to gate had been marked out by the passengers themselves, and lay always crooked on the ground, I fell into such an entanglement of thought about short cuts that, like as with a tune which you can get rid of only by humming it again and again, I found myself putting some of them on paper when I came home. And if the great excuse for an essay or soliloquy as its power of arousing reflections which the reader accepts as his own, perhaps my familiar reverie may not be uttered without some such effect. Short cuts: let me first beg the privilege of using them now, and whenever I see a fresh thought, make straight for it, though I may risk a blunder, and leave the correct progress of meditation.

Somebody said once that "there was no royal road to geometry," and that neat reproof to a vulgar king has been caught up by so many, that no doubt there is a great principle involved in the saying. The principle is, that money will not buy genius; that the splendor of rank does not necessarily make the brain shine. But the philosopher's rebuke is telling only on the assumption that regal power is external alone.

I hold it as certain that there *is* a royal road to most ends, if the traveller be a born king. Every successful short cut is made by a regal mind. Some object has been hitherto approached only by tedious pains. The wise and the weak, alike, labor and wait. All at once the labyrinth in whose turns they are creeping is burst through, and one man's force of brain and will destroys the inviolable hedge. Others follow over the gap; his short cut becomes in a common way but a royal road, for it was a king who first found it out.

Indeed, every true leader and ruler of mankind guides them thus. No nation will ever advance far at the word of command. The national wit stagnates, the schools hang on hand. The tutors teach the old formulas. The pupils thumb the old books. Everything is done, and must be done, with true conservative pains; no princely patronage can quicken the pace or the thought of the workers.

But all at once some mighty mind makes a short cut; invents a steam-engine, say, and the whole nation, prince and all, masters and scholars, tutors and taught, follow in the wake of the new guide. The four Georges in succession might have patronized, bribed, threatened the united coachmakers of the kingdom, without finding any route from St. James's to Windsor which a well-mounted butcher-boy could not take as well as they. But at last a great king came, and before long the successors of the Georges and their subjects sat behind Stevenson. There was a short cut: a royal road. Had there been no pains taken before this to carry travellers to their destination at the highest possible speed? Was not the posting system elaborated? Were not the coaches swift? What could you do more? There was a limit to motion. Horses have but four legs, and the suggestive whipcord fails beyond a certain point. But the commanding brain summons an iron steed, swifter and stronger than the fabled Pegasus himself. Possibly, however, some servant may be hereafter found better for our purposes than steam itself.

There is generally a long pause after a discovery. It is as if the energies of invention spend themselves, and need a lapse of years for another effort. The wheel and axle were an incalculable addition to our means of locomotion. Steam used and developed their powers; may be, however, our successors will see the railroad superseded, and future historians entertain their readers with accounts of the clumsy complication of locomotives, iron ruts, and express trains.

Generally, the royal road becomes at last not only vulgar but tedious, and then the independent genius makes a new short cut.—But they must be made naturally. The stream which has to gain the ocean through a long tract of country, may not be taken without danger by a sudden leap into the sea. It may have its waterfalls and rapids, but it has duties to perform by the way; the meadow has to be irrigated, the mill to be turned.—The cattle must be watered—nay, the linen must be washed. Don't say that the sole object of the stream is to reach the sea.—There is a gain in occasional slowness. So with man's mind, with the progress of the sciences and arts. There may be sudden leaps or waterfalls, but it is well to pause when stage after stage of advance is gained. People must have time to take the good things in as they are found out. When the river has watered the fields of wholesome fruit and food, it takes another plunge; then the short cut is natural and right. Delay has done its healthy work; the last discovery has been understood and digested—we may make a fresh start. But if you force the journey, you may fail before the end. The river which circles slowly through the flat, receives as much as it gives. Rain and rivulets have time to make an impression, whereas, if it goes whisking by in a cataract, it issues from the chasm of smaller bulk than it descended. The fertile stream of progress must give itself time to be fed.

LORD DUNDREARY MARRIED.

"Why, Georgina, here's another letter from my bwother Sam! And I'll tell you what it is, Georgina, if I'd have known you'd got such a b-b-b-ast of a bwother-in-law as Sam, I wouldn't have mawwied you!!!"

A SINGULAR HUSBAND.

Dr. King relates the following anecdote. He states that, in the early part of the last century, he knew a Mr. Howe, a sensible, well-disposed man, possessed of an independent fortune, and married to a young lady of good family, of agreeable person and manners, and who, for the first seven or eight years of their marriage, made him an excellent wife.

Without any previous dispute or difference, he rose one morning very early, and told her that he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business; and the same day, about noon, she received a note from him, informing her that he was under a necessity of going instantly to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month.

He remained absent, however, longer than the specified time, and for seventeen years and upward she never heard of or from him. About three years after his disappearance, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a proper provision for herself and two children out of it, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead. This she did, as when he first went away she and her friends feared that he might have contracted some large debt unknown to her, the difficulties of which he could not easily surmount. In fact, for some time after his departure, she had lived in constant dread of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. Nothing of this kind, however, took place; and on investigation it was found that he not only had left his estate free and unencumbered, but had punctually paid the bills of every tradesman with whom he had had any dealings, to the utmost exactness, receipts and proper vouchers for all bills being found, arranged in the most methodical manner, in his bureau.

Shortly after this the children both died, when the supposed widow, in order to lessen her housekeeping expenses, discharged the greater part of her servants, left Jermyn Street, and took a small house in Brewer Street, Golden Square. This was about ten years after her husband's departure, when, one evening, after she had resided in Brewer Street about seven years, while she was sitting at supper with a party of friends, among whom were her brother-in-law, Dr. Rose, and her sister, his wife, a note, without any signature, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favor of her giving him a meeting the next evening, in the Birdcage Walk, in the Park. She read the note with some surprise, and then tossed it to Dr. Rose, saying—

"You see, brother, old as I am, I have a beau."

The doctor, who perused the note with more attention, instantly declared it to be Mr. Howe's handwriting. This, of course, surprised all the company, and, indeed, so much affected Mrs. Howe, that she fainted away. On her recovery, it was agreed that the whole party should accompany her next evening to the Park; and they had not been there many minutes when the lost husband came to them, and after embracing his wife and saluting his friends, walked home with them, took possession of his house and wife, and lived with her in great harmony until his death.

It appeared that, instead of going to the Tower, as he said, he had actually gone no farther than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week; and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig, (for he was a fair man,) he had escaped detection, and remained in that lodging during the whole time of his supposed absence. Even when the Act of Parliament was applied for, he had enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the papers, at a little coffee-house near to his lodgings; and when his wife removed to Brewer Street, he contrived to get acquainted with a man of the name of Salt, a corn-chandler, who lived directly opposite to her residence. Salt supposed him to be a bachelor, and became so fond of his company that he generally asked him to dinner twice a week, when Howe used to watch his wife's house with so much apparent curiosity, that Salt often recommended her to him as a very suitable wife. On Sundays he regularly went to Salt's pew, in St. James's Church, whence he could see his wife without being seen by her—a practice which he sedulously adhered to until the avowal of his existence and return.

Though he cheerfully told all these circumstances, no persuasion of his wife or friends could prevail on him to assign any reason for his extraordinary conduct; but he owned that he had taken with him for subsistence between one and two thousand pounds, in gold and bank-notes, which, after great economy, was then all expended. Discovery, of course, became necessary for a further supply; and, indeed, some of his friends surmised that if he could have raised the money without discovery, he would still have remained concealed in his obscurity.

ADVANTAGES OF WOMEN.—A woman says what she chooses without being knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband goes to work. She can go into the streets without being asked to "stand treat" at every saloon. She can paint her face if it be too pale, and powder it if too red. She can stay at home in time of war, and get married again if her husband be killed. She can wear corsets if too thick—other fixens if too thin. She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one she likes better. She can get her husband in debt all over until he warns the public not to trust her on his account. But all these advantages are balanced by the great fact that she cannot "pop the question."

Agricultural.

YOUNG STOCK.

A great many really humane men are guilty of habitual cruelty without knowing it. They have been brought up to believe that musty straw and corn-fodder, poor hay and orts will do well enough for young stock, and "*keep them along*" through the winter. The mistake is not only cruelty to the stock, but unprofitable to the farmer. If "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," whatever stock is worth raising, is worth raising well—worth developing to the greatest degree of perfection that good and abundant food, and constant attention can reach. A father who should think bread crusts and cheese parings sufficient food for his little son and heir, would not be long without the contempt of his neighbors; and yet he would be just as reasonable in his pursuit of results, as his neighbor who should think "anything good enough for young stock." A starved calf or colt is always a stinted one, and what it loses in that way the first two or three years of its life, it never regains. In our own experience we have never found any hay too good for young stock, and we should just about as soon think of going without our own coffee, as of permitting any one of them to go without a few oats or a little meal every day through the winter. Oats are unquestionably better than any other grain for young stock, as it is the production of muscle, and not the laying on of fat, the owner seeks. A dozen thrifty, sleek, well-to-do calves are worth looking at in any man's barn, but the thin, pinched and suffering effigies which are too frequently to be seen nibbling orts on the lee side of a snow bank,—endeavoring to save that life which, if they could reason, they would very soon decide was not worth saving, so far as they were concerned—are always a reproach to the owner and an evidence that he is, either knowingly or ignorantly, a cruel man.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

EARTH WORMS.

Worms perform a valuable service to the agriculturist, in loosening the soil and thus rendering it more permeable by the atmosphere and the water, both of which are essential to fructification. They are helpless creatures, and have many enemies. Underground in the fields the mole devours them by thousands, and constructs long galleries in the earth, which are his preserves and hunting-grounds. Above ground they are the food of all or nearly all our native birds, from the duck down to the tiny wren. Hedgehogs and weasels devour them in multitudes; and last August we made the unexpected discovery that they have an enemy unheard of before. A fine lance-tail six inches in length was gliding across the mould of a garden bed, when suddenly there perched on his back, from some hidden point of vantage, a ferocious-looking dusky-haired grub, somewhat resembling, but more ugly if possible, that crawling little monster known among village urchins and country school-boys as "the devil's cart-horse." The frightful incubus began hammering away at the poor earth-worm near the tail, with its bullet head. The worm did not turn, but made desperate attempts to accelerate its pace; finding this of no avail, it suddenly stopped, and, contracting its body just above the point of attack, as though it were bound round with a ligature drawn tight, in an instant severed itself in two portions, leaving the beleaguered part in possession of the enemy. The unfortunate worm, however, did not escape by this sacrifice: the grub was no sooner aware of the movement than he left the booty in hand, scampered after the runaway, and, remounting on his back, renewed the attack as before. Again the worm, by the same process, cast off a portion of its body, but in vain: a third time its insatiable foe returned to the charge, and at length completed the slaughter of its victim. The grub remained still for some time, on the larger portion of the slain worm—for what purpose, of course, we could not ascertain, and then crawled leisurely away.

Earth-worms are astonishingly prolific, and they had need be so, looking to the casualties to which they are liable from accident, and the large amount of food which their bodies supply to other animals.

WINTERING BEES.—A successful apiarian gives the following method of wintering bees:—He builds a house of suitable size to contain his stocks something like an ice house, of joist, clapboarding the outside and lining up the inside with matched siding leaving a space four inches all around. This he fills with chaff (spent tan bark would do as well) and ranges his hives four tiers high all around the inside. To ventilate it he constructs an air-tube from the outside under ground to the centre of the house where it is admitted to the house through perforated board or metal. At the top a passage is made for the heated air to pass off; all so arranged as to exclude every particle of light. The hives are left open as though out in the summer. The heat generated by the bees is sufficient to keep the air warm enough for their safety and comfort, and they are sure to come out well in the spring.

HOW TO PREVENT HORSES KICKING IN HARNESS.—Attach a stout piece of ash stick to the collar at the breast, fix it under the horse's chin so that he cannot bend his head towards his breast, and he cannot kick high enough to injure anything; if a good horse, and worth the trouble, a bit of bright steel may be fixed on his collar, with a claw to catch him under the chin; this will answer the purpose and look well.

Useful Receipts.

CHILBLAINS.—To cure chilblains, simply bathe the parts affected in the liquor in which potatoes have been boiled, at as high a temperature as can be borne. On the first appearance of the ailment, this bath affords almost immediate relief. In the advanced stages, repetition prevents breaking out, followed by a certain cure; and an occasional adoption will operate against the return, even during the severest frost.

CORN BREAKFAST CAKE.—A housekeeper contributes the following to the American Agriculturist, with a sample of the result for the editor, which he pronounces "not bad to take." The writer says:—"My cook, Kate, is to be credited with the mixture, if you like it." Mix well by sifting, 1 pint Indian meal, 2 tablespoonsful wheat flour, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful soda and 2 teaspoonsful cream of tartar. Mix rapidly and thoroughly with 1 pint sweet milk, 1 beaten egg and butter the size of an egg. Bake in a shallow pan, 20 minutes, in a hot oven.

PEPPER SAUCE.—Take two dozen peppers, cut them fine, with double quantity of cabbage, one root of horse radish grated; one handful of salt; one tablespoonful mustard seed; one dessert spoonful of allspice; one dessert spoonful of cloves; two tablespoonsful of sugar, and a little mace. Boil the spice and sugar in two quarts of the best cider vinegar, which as soon as removed from the fire, and while yet boiling, pour over the other ingredients. When cold put in jars, cover close and keep in a cool place.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD TEA.—M. Soyer, the celebrated Parisian caterer, recommends that, before pouring in any water, the teapot, with tea in it, shall be placed in the oven till hot, or heated by means of a spirit lamp, or in the front of the fire, (not too close, of course,) and the pot then filled with boiling water. The result, he says, will be, in about a minute, a delicious cup of tea, much superior to that drawn in the ordinary way.

SUBSTITUTE FOR APPLE SAUCE.—A lady writer communicates the following bit of information obtained where she "took tea last:"—A dish of what I took to be preserves was passed to me, which upon tasting I was surprised to learn contained no fruit. The ease with which it was prepared and the trifling cost of its materials, not my tasting apparatus, deceived me as it is not usually wont to do. It is emphatically a tiptop substitute for apple sauce, apple butter, tomato preserves, &c. It is prepared as follows:—Moderately boil a pint of molasses from five to twenty minutes, according to its consistency, then add three eggs thoroughly beaten, hastily stirring them in; continue to boil a few minutes longer, and season with nutmeg or lemon.—*Oil Springs Chronicle.*

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 3, 37, 9, 16, is a book in the Bible.
My 8, 30, was the son of Peleth.
My 6, 5, 33, 24, was the mother of Asher.
My 20, 2, 12, 32, 7, was a brother of Rebekah.
My 31, 32, 4, 14, is a word in the 18th chapter of Genesis.
My 7, 2, 16, 37, 1, is a book in the Bible.
My 17, 15, was the son of Judah.
My 15, 21, 10, 27, 23, 16, 11, is a book in the Bible.
My 22, 2, 10, 21, 20, 19, happened in the time of Joseph.
My 16, 2, 10, 35, 18, was the father of Shechem.
My 30, 33, 33, 34, is a tree spoken of in the Bible.
My 35, 23, is a word in the 50th Psalm.
My 1, 2, 33, 15, 31, 34, 26, is a book in the Bible.
My 21, 23, 16, 28, 3, 7, was the son of Dishon.
My whole is a verse in the 1st Epistle of John.

Newport, R. I. RED of the R.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 5, 12, 6, 18, 13, 20, 21, 14, is a celebrated biblical personage.
My 16, 8, 17, 3, is one of the most powerful of the passions.
My 4, 18, 19, 5, 13, 12, 21, is a delicious tropical fruit.
My 9, 16, 5, 12, 7, is a military term much used.
My 2, 3, 10, 3, 6, was a beautiful Grecian Queen.
My 1, 15, 10, 11, is essential in the office of the printer.
My total is a superb building in Philadelphia. G. W. D.

Army Hospital, Washington.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An estate held from a superior on condition of military service.
A flat plain.
An interjection and a personal pronoun.
To decay.
A name for the sea holly.
A holy woman.
A domestic animal and a gum.
An interjection.
A river of Egypt.
Anger.
A surname.
A nymph of Paradise.
A numeral adjective.
The act of giving intelligence.
A girl's name.
A fire arm.
The act of setting free.
A surname.
A cloth measure, now disused.

The initials form the name of a famous woman, and the finals a beautiful anagram upon it.

G. M. TUCKER.

CHARADE.

My first is something that you eat,
'Tis liked by nearly all,
At picnics it is often seen,
And likewise at a ball.

The house just opposite us has
Been empty for a year;
My second we supposed it was,
When Mr. Smith moved there.

My whole's a quiet little place,
Where you may rest at ease;
But now I must not tell you more,
Just guess it, if you please.

FANNY.

CHARADE.

The first of me is last of all besides,
My second smaller than the smallest thing:
My whole defies alike all time and tides,
And owns no winter, though it boasts no spring.

RIDDLE.

What force or strength cannot get through,
I with a gentle touch can do;
And many in the street would stand,
Were I not as a friend at hand.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The angular points of a regular decagon are joined in every way by straight lines. Required—the number of triangles formed?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

OMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a piece of land in the shape of a right-angled triangle; whereof the longer of the right-angled sides is 112 perches more than the other right-angled side of the tract, and the whole measure around all the three sides is 640 perches. What is the area of that piece of land?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What kind of livers are most subject to "liver disease?" Ans.—High livers.

☞ Why are pegged boots like the ghost in Hamlet? Ans.—Because they "harrow up the sole."

☞ Which letter do naturalists admire? Ans.—B (the bee).

☞ Which prefers the church-yard? Ans.—U (the yew).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Capitol, at Washington. ENIGMA.—John C. Fremont. ENIGMA.—The Southern Confederacy. RIDDLE.—The shooting of Major-General Nelson. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—½.